

# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1770

APRIL 7, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

AMERICAN criticism of poetry is a plant that has not yet fully blossomed; there will be more of it in the course of another hundred years or so. Americans for the moment are, perhaps, too busy in building up the dry bones of that enormous and wonderful country of theirs to give the best of their intellect to such a subject as literary criticism. And there is no reproach conveyed in these remarks. In our own country great critics have been few and far between. They can be counted on the fingers of a single hand. In this department of literature we do not compare very favourably either with France or Germany. If we leave out Matthew Arnold, it would be difficult to find as many as four other critics who can be mentioned in the same breath with, say, Sainte-Beuve. We would have to fall back on Addison, who belongs to an age that seems to us very far away, or on lesser men.

All this lends additional interest to a little volume, "The Poetry of Life," which has been sent out by an American poet, Mr. Bliss Carman. It perhaps errs on the side on which we would, *prima facie*, be least likely to expect error; it deals to a great extent with the abstract. The second essay is called "The Purpose of Poetry," and probably he who "sings but as the linnet sings" would think that the phrase conveyed contradiction in terms. But we are less concerned with the doctrines set forth by Mr. Carman than with certain information as to the ideas current in his own country. He tells us that the fine arts have no hold on the Americans as a people. "We have no wide feeling for them, no profound conviction of their importance." For an American writer to say that, is a much better sign than if he were to assert the contrary. Its very modesty bears a certain appeal. In the essay on "How to Judge Poetry" Mr. Carman strikes the nail on the head when he describes the ignoramus who admits that he "doesn't know anything about art, but he knows what he likes." It is an absurd saying; yet how often do we hear it repeated as an excuse for tolerating rubbish!

In speaking of individual poets, Mr. Carman is certainly instructive. He places Longfellow on a higher pedestal than would be given him in Europe, singling out for special praise "Hiawatha" and the lines "To the River Charles." Our experience is that Longfellow is the poet of girlhood, but he does not wear well. There is a strong eulogy of Emerson; but it is followed by a paper on Mr. Riley's work in which adjectives are employed with equal fervour. Of the extracts he gives, the following four lines are to our mind the best: yet they are not without a certain trickery, and the appeal in them is just a little to the gallery:

"Little Haly, little Haly," cheeps the robin in the tree;  
"Little Haly," sighs the clover; "Little Haly," moans the bee;  
"Little Haly, little Haly," calls the kill-dee at twilight;  
And the katydids and crickets hollers "Haly" all the night.

Mr. Carman appears to think that the day of Mr. Swinburne is over. "He fills the air without feeding the mind," and for that reason he accords him a place below Tennyson, Arnold, Morris and other giants of the Victorian age. All this is extremely interesting, and the book seems to hold forth promise of a higher criticism than we have yet received from America.

On our table at the moment is another volume of American criticism, "Poetry and the Individual," by Mr. Hartley Burr Alexander. It is somewhat in the nature of an attempt to apply the methods of physical dissection to the fine imaginings of the poet. The very chapter headings convey this. The first is "Impulse and Song," with the sub-divisions "Poetic Mood," and "Poetic Attitude and Essence." We are afraid that the field is not a very fruitful one to cultivate. To our mind the most interesting chapter in the book is that on "Nature and Poetic Mood," and the most alluring passage is that in which the author shows how the immemorial music of poetry floats through the minds of primitive people. As an example he quotes a native Australian song arranged by Mr. Andrew Lang.

We go all!  
The bones of all  
Are shining white  
In this Dular land!  
The rushing noise  
Of Bunjil, our Father,  
Sings in my breast,  
This breast of mine!

The theme, which is just touched upon here, might with advantage have been expanded.

The correspondence which we publish in the present number touching the "Early English Drama Society" needs some comment besides the reply appended to the letters of that "Society's" publisher and editor. The undertaking planned by the "Society" is one which has our heartiest approval. A *corpus* of our early dramatic literature is needed: the scheme proposed by the "Society" is a good scheme, and, as our reviewer pointed out, has, in some respects, been well executed up to the present. We still hope that, under whatever name, the issue of these texts will be carried on; and there is no reason why, now that initial mistakes have been pointed out, careful correction of the first four volumes and scrupulous accuracy in the preparation of the texts of all future volumes should not ensure both pecuniary and literary success for the series. But, until the editor of it replies to, instead of evading our charge, and gives good guarantee against the continuance of such slipshod and unscholarly methods of work as we have exposed, the series will not merit support.

We are, however, tempted to comment very strongly on the misguided attempt to lend dignity to an enterprise, which surely had sufficient dignity of its own, by adopting the name without the essence of a society. Nothing—not even a few extra subscribers—was to be gained by it; everything—once the bubble was pricked—was to be lost by the necessary withdrawal of distinguished scholars from a position they found to be equivocal. That Drs. Furnivall and Bradley are right in removing their names from the list of Vice-Presidents and Mr. Bullen in being glad that his has been removed for him, there can be no question: the "Society" was not what it claimed to be (and Mr. Gibbings's assertion that it does not intend to publish a balance-sheet strikes us as one of the most surprising instances of callous indifference to recognised procedure that we have ever met with), nor was the work done of a quality which these gentlemen could for a moment countenance. Whether, in consenting to lend their names to an enterprise the conduct of which they had insufficiently investigated, they acted with due regard for the literary principles which have made their own work what it is, is a question which we need not press.

Not long ago a contributor to the ACADEMY complained that the official notification of interesting additions to our national art collections left a good deal to be desired. They are occasionally, but not always, mentioned in one or two of the leading daily papers; but they appear there in such a form that the eye might easily pass them over. What we want is an official publication like the admirable "Bulletin" lately started by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. "The Bulletin" is published monthly at ten cents. It contains articles of special interest, notes on the more important recent acquisitions, the reports of regulations and proceedings, and complete list of "accessions" for the month by loan, bequest and purchase, stating the class, the nature of the object, and the source. On the last page is a list of officers (we must congratulate New York on having persuaded Mr. Robinson to come from Chicago as Assistant to Sir C. Purdon Clarke) and other details, and the "Bulletin" is illustrated with reproductions of newly acquired objects. Why should not the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery follow this example? If New York takes our good men (Sir C. Purdon Clarke and Mr. Roger Fry both appear on that last page of the "Bulletin"), we should take their good ideas. Such a publication would pay its own expenses and be of the greatest assistance to all lovers of art. Perhaps the new Director, if he be appointed before the Sack of London, will see to it.

The artistic is not the only aspect from which such a proposal should be considered; there is the commercial as well. Twenty millions annually is spent, says Sir Herbert Maxwell in the *Nineteenth Century* by visitors to this country; and the writer of a very able article in the *Burlington Magazine* points out that much of this comes from people who visit us for the sake of our art treasures. Anything that can excite their curiosity and induce them to come in greater numbers is "good business." And the same writer points out that the purchase of a Rokeby Velasquez (shall we add: of a Turbutt Shakespeare?) is a business investment. That it is not always an investment yielding the best value for the money, is the fault, in many cases, of those in whose hands we put the management of our affairs. They wait till the stock has gone too high to be remunerative instead of keeping an eye on the market and buying in at a low figure. But the one or two sharp lessons we have had lately will teach us wisdom for the future.

How many pins set on end it would take to reach the moon, or what the numerical proportion is between the number of cabbages sold daily in Covent Garden and the number of subjects on which Dr. Emil Reich is prepared to lecture is a form of inquiry which is extremely popular to-day and is promoted far and wide. We read these things with as much enjoyment as any one; but are unhappily quite unable to remember them. One such piece of information, however, we have succeeded—perhaps because it touches us home—in retaining. We discovered it not long ago in that admirable publication, the *Library World*. There are 30,000,000 books in the world, excluding manuscripts; and every year 500,000 new ones are added, besides 50,000 or 60,000 periodicals with their monthly, weekly or daily issues.

These figures are fairly easy, but the writer goes on to make a few calculations concerning the cost and so on of a "central catalogue of the world's literature." There would be 30,000,000 cards, to begin with, occupying 2840 statute miles. "Stocked in tiers eight feet high . . . this would occupy 118 statute miles," and, as the writer justly remarks, it would need a motor-car to get from A to M. When in need of severe exercise, we often go to the British Museum Reading Room for an hour's hunting in the catalogue, and find that there is nothing like it for developing the muscles of the legs, back and arms. But

Mr. Swan Sonnenschein himself would quail before the task involved in searching a "central catalogue." And the cost of it would be—roughly—some eight millions of pounds.

The question whether the copy of "Auld Lang Syne" recently sold by Messrs. Sotheby be or be not the original one has provoked other questions equally interesting: How many copies of "Auld Lang Syne" are in existence? and which is the best? In a contemporary a correspondent points out that at least four are known to have been written out by Burns. The first was sent in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop in December 1788, and the first stanza and chorus run:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never thought upon?  
Let's hae a waught o' Malaga  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne;  
Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,  
For auld lang syne.

The second was sent to James Johnson and appeared in the "Scots Musical Museum," vol. v. 1796. The manuscript is not known. The third—written about 1791 or 1792—is that in the "Interleaved Scots Musical Museum," and Burns himself says that it is "by much the best set of the words of this song." The first stanza and chorus run:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days o' auld lang syne?

And for auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

The manuscript is in America. The fourth copy was sent to George Thomson about September 1793, and was published in "Scotch Airs" in 1799. In this version what is stanza ii. of other copies—"And surely ye'll be your pint stoup!"—is the concluding stanza. The manuscript is at Brechin Castle. It seems obvious that Lord Rosebery's copy is the missing one sent to Johnson about 1789 and published in the "Scots Musical Museum."

Any one who wishes to see how a certain trick in verse ought not to be done may turn to the *Cornhill* for April and read this by Mr. Godley:

They tell me of a bright To Be  
When, freed from chains that tyrants forge  
By the Right Honourable D.  
Lloyd-George,  
We shall by penalties persuade  
The idle unrepentant Great  
To serve (inadequately paid)  
The State,—

but whoever would like to see the trick really well done ought to turn to his *Anti-Jacobin*:

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in;  
Here doom'd to starve on water-gruel,  
-el, never shall I see the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen!  
-niversity of Gottingen!

If the Auld Brig of Ayr has been respite for a time, the Bridge of Barskimming is not so fortunate, for its demolition has been decided on. Barskimming is on the river Ayr, not far from Mauchline, the centre of the Burns country, and near the "wild romantic grove" of which the poet speaks in "the Vision." Here too are the famous braes, which he celebrated more than once in song, inspired by the sight of Miss Alexander, the lady whom he has immortalised as "the lass of Ballochmyle." It was when he was near the bridge that he composed the poem, "Man



was made to mourn," a dirge suggested by his thoughts upon what he conceived to be the saddest sight on earth—a man seeking work. Burns, however, was not in that state himself at the moment, for he was really supposed to be looking for one of the belles of the district who had gone off in search of a missing cow.

Old readers of *Good Words*, and their number is still considerable, will hardly regret, as the time is past for this, that with the current number the once popular periodical appears for the last time as a monthly. Established in 1863 by Mr. Alexander Strahan, who began shortly after the publication of its companion periodical, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Good Words* was edited for a longer period by one editor. Dr. Donald Macleod, who succeeded his famous brother, Dr. Norman Macleod, than has been the case with any other English monthly. Altered tastes in reading have adversely affected both magazines, which passed, about a couple of years ago, from the publishing firm which succeeded the original proprietors to Messrs. Pitman and Sons, and a short time ago, it will be remembered, they became the property of the Amalgamated Press. Of the early group of contributors to *Good Words* Mr. John M. Ludlow, C.B., is the only survivor.

The Villa Palmieri, which is to be offered for sale on May 1, has considerable interest for the student of literature, for of all the villas about Fiesole it has perhaps the best claim to be associated with the Decameron. It is of course possible that Boccaccio drew upon his imagination, when he wished to describe the scene where the tales in the Decameron were told, but a long tradition assigns the honour to the grounds of the Villa Palmieri. They are situated at the required distance from Florence, and the region round is known as the valley of Fair Ladies, while, in addition to this, there are two water-mills in the vicinity, just as the Decameron requires. One of the rambles, taken by the fair personages in the poem was to a little lake in a forest, the lake perhaps that is near Landor's Villa, of which the wayward genius sang, when he described his Florentine home:

Here by the lake Boccaccio's fair brigade  
Beguiled the hours and tale for tale repaid.

A miscellaneous sale of books, but one which lovers of standard editions will rejoice in, takes place at Messrs. Sotheby's on the 6th, 7th, 9th and 10th inst. Extra illustrated books are numerous and there are many first editions. Amongst the most interesting are Meredith's *Poems*, 1851, Peacock's *Crochet Castle* and other works, Smollett's *Adventures of an Atom* and Roderick Random, Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, Lithgow's *Nineteen Years Travels through the World* (1682), Lord Byron's *The Age of Bronze* (1823), Ainsworth's *Tower of London* (1840), *Pickwick Papers* with autograph of Dickens, and Addison's *Cato* (1713). Other notable books to be sold are some Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogues (including the first three, 1760, 1761, 1762), and an early example of an illustrated book published in Mexico, *Tratado Elemental de la Destreza del Sable*, by S. de Frias, Mexico, 1809.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Zoological Society: The next meeting of the society for scientific business will be held on Tuesday, April 10, at 8.30 P.M. Communications: (1) Mr. C. Tate Regan, F.Z.S.—The Freshwater Fishes of the Island of Trinidad, based on the collection, and notes and sketches, made by Mr. Lechmere Guppy, Jun. (2) Professor J. Arthur Thomson and Mr. W. D. Henderson.—The Marine Fauna of Zanzibar and British East Africa from collections made by Cyril Crossland in the years 1901-2. Alcyonaria. (3) Dr. J. F. Gemmill.—Cyclopia in Osseous Fishes. (4) Dr. J. F. Gemmill.—Notes on Supernumary Eyes, Local Deficiency and Reduplication of the Notochord in Trout Embryos.

Royal Colonial Institute. Meeting at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, Whitehall Place, S.W., on Tuesday, April 10, at 8 P.M. Paper on Australian Immigration, by Walter James, K.C., Agent-General for Western Australia.

Royal Geographical Society. Evening Meeting, Monday, April 9, at 8.30 P.M., at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. (1) Presentation by H. E. the American Ambassador, of the Gold Medal of the American Geographical Society to Captain R. F. Scott, C.V.O., R.N., Commander of the National Antarctic Expedition. (2) Paper on Recent Exploration and Survey in Seistan, by Colonel Sir Henry McMahon, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

The British Empire Shakespeare Society. *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, at 3 P.M., April 19.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Sale of the libraries of the late Mr. Thomas Reader and others. Friday, April 6, to Wednesday, April 11, at 1 P.M.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Sale of the library of the late Rev. W. E. Begley, comprising rare books and tracts, works on witchcraft, sorcery and other occult subjects, writings of sect-founders, original documents by and connected with Joanna Southcott; Mormonism, Swedenborgianism, Anabaptists, etc.; ex-libris, etc. Thursday, April 19 and two following days at 1 P.M.

Handford Lodge, Ipswich. Sale by Messrs. Robert Bond and Sons of collections of Mr. W. H. Booth, including furniture, paintings, silver, Lowestoft and other china and porcelain, books, playbills, manuscripts, etc. Wednesday, April 18, to Monday, April 23, at 10.30 A.M.

International Philatelic Exhibition, at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster. Opens May 23. Free days (admission by ticket to be obtained from the hon. secretaries or the leading stamp dealers) May 26 and May 30. Among the prizes are a gold and a silver medal for lady collectors, presented by the Prince of Wales, President of the Society. Banquet at the Imperial Restaurant, Regent Street, on May 25.

The Munich Wagner Festival will begin on Monday, August 13, and continue till Friday, September 7. The operas to be performed in the Prinzregenten Theater are *The Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, and *The Ring*, the conductors being Herr Mottl and Herr Franz Fischer. The Mozart Festival begins on Thursday, August 2; *Don Giovanni* will be played on that evening and on August 8; *Figaro* on August 4 and 10; and *Così fan tutte* on August 6 and 12, in the Residenz Theater. For prices and particulars apply to Hugo Gorlitz, 119 New Bond Street, W.

## LITERATURE

### "THE MAN FOR GALWAY"

*The Novels of Charles Lever.* 6 vols. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. each.)

*Charles Lever: His Life in His Letters.* By EDMUND DOWNEY. 2 vols. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

THERE are very few writers to whom the sick, the weary, and the languid owe more than to Charles Lever. No one would think of classifying him with those great masters of imaginative art who seem to have known or divined the deepest thoughts and emotions of their fellow men, but in his own sphere he is alone and inimitable. The unceasing flow of good spirits, the drollery of his humour, the eccentricity of his characters and the oddity of their adventures make up a dish before which dullness is impossible. One would think it were an impossible feat to write a dull life of such an author, and yet, we fear, it has very nearly been accomplished by Mr. Edmund Downey. In the first place his *Life* is too long; where a single volume would have remained readable for all time, the same material elaborated into double that length necessarily means a great proportion of dull pages. Perhaps Mr. Downey is less to blame than is the fashion of the day, which runs strongly in favour of what is called completeness. Among the new letters included in the biography are many which we should not like to have missed. They are of the very essence of Lever; but others are little more than business notes or the friendly epistles that any undistinguished man might have written to his friends. As an example of the former we might quote this letter from Brussels to Mr. Alexander Spencer:

You will be sorry to learn that Wright's failure has let me in for a loss which, however small, is something to one still smoked. His correspondent here, a Mr. Berry (?) King, took the opportunity of failing offered by the great man's break up, and failed accordingly. He was my banker, which doubtless was another predisposing cause for a

mishap. You may remember how a very small credit I once opened with the bank in Coleraine made them close in a week. However, as some one remarked with much good nature, "It's only another book"—and so I feel it. Meanwhile I am very hard up, as this is the season of yearly accounts being sent in. With Curry I am in advance, for unluckily, to oblige this confounded Berry King, I gave him my booksellers' bills when drawn—which he has since appropriated.

Forgive me, my dear friend, all this long story of worry and annoyance, which, now that I have told it, has relieved my mind considerably.

But, after all, I have found it a hard task and sore test of my courage for the last five weeks to go on daily bolting the egotism, selfishness, and sordid meanness of my sick world, and at night writing till one or two or three o'clock every imaginable kind of nonsense, with a heavy heart and an aching head—for means, ay, for means—only to continue the same dull drudgery somewhat longer. This is a confession only for a very dear friend.

My loss with the rascal is about £280—but it is all lost, for however Wright may come round my friend is most genteely cleared out.

I have written a squib for the D. U. M.—"The Chateau de Vandyck." Look at it.

Here you have Charles Lever in epitome. It is full of his own humour and his own jests, even though they are jests at ill fortune. We see, too, the thriftless, generous nature of the man, always with his purse open for his friends and scarcely out of difficulties himself. But of course the most poignant passage is that in which he describes himself worried with the dust and turmoil of the day yet writing on with unconscious bravery to the early morning hours, and producing what was so well calculated to add mirth and cheerfulness to his readers. The letter was written in 1840, when he was in the prime of life and had still many long years in which to struggle on. But the circumstances of his birth and upbringing prepare us for what was to happen. It is curiously characteristic of the man that he allowed it to be stated in the hand-books of his time that he was born in 1809, whereas his birthday really was dated in 1806. He was a native of Dublin, and came of a family that was of long pedigree, but apparently had fallen on evil times in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His father, James Lever, had gone to Ireland in 1787, being then about twenty-seven years of age. He had been apprenticed to the joinery business and was occupied after the novelist's birth in building operations, out of which he made money and saved some of it. Thus he was able to give his son a better start than he had himself. Charles Lever was sent to a private school and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin. The scenes enacted in "Charles O'Malley" by the hero of the story and Frank Webber are, no doubt, founded upon his memory of life there. One of his escapades is thus described:

Even at the early period of his career—though so far he evinced no powers of story-weaving and was not burdened with a desire "to commence author"—he had a great love for ballads and ballad-writing. On one occasion he attired himself as a mendicant ballad-monger, singing in the streets snatches of political verses composed by himself. He was accompanied by some college friends, who luckily were at hand when certain unpopular sentiments in his doggerels provoked a street row. It is stated that he returned from this expedition with thirty shillings in coppers, collected from admirers of his minstrelsy.

This reads like a paragraph from one of his own stories. After his college career closed he seems to have oscillated between two ambitions, one for the army and one for medicine; but before settling down to any profession he made a journey to Canada, and to his friend Canon Hayman he gave a narration of his landing at the St. Lawrence and of his rapid passage from the civilised districts to the haunts of the red man:

He was eager to taste the wild freedom of life with an Indian tribe. Lever, according to himself, found no difficulty in being admitted to Red-Indian fellowship, and for a time the unrestrained life of the prairie was a delightful and exhilarating experience. The nights in the open air, the days spent in the pine-forests or on the banks of some majestic river, were transcendently happy. He was endowed by the sachem with "tribal privileges," and he identified himself as far as possible with his newly-made friends. Ere long, however, he grew weary of the latitudinarianism and of the ingloriousness of barbaric life, and he began to sigh for the flesh-pots of the city. He contrived to hide his feelings from the noble red man, but a noble red woman shrewdly guessed that the pale-face was weary, discontented, home-

sick. This woman warned the young "medicine man" that if he made any overt attempt to seek his own people he would be followed, and one of his tribal privileges would be to suffer death by the tomahawk. Lever dissembled, and (somewhat after the manner of the as yet uncreated Mrs. Micawber) he asseverated that he would never desert the clan.

How he escaped and returned to Ireland is told to the same correspondent. On his return, from 1830 to 1837, he busied himself with preparing to become a doctor. In 1832 Ireland was visited with Asiatic cholera, and Lever applied to the Board of Health for an appointment, and was established at Kilrush, Co. Clare:

Notwithstanding the gloom which pervaded the district, the young doctor contrived somehow to infect it with a little of his own high spirits. Physicians who worked with him through the awful time declared that wherever Lever went he won all hearts by his kindness, and kept up the spirits of the inhabitants by his cheerfulness. Some of his associates were driven to account for his wondrous exuberance, even after he had been sitting up night after night, by supposing that he was "excited in some unknown and unnatural manner."

However, he did not seem to make much progress with medicine, and, owing in some measure to the example set by his friend Maxwell, had been gradually, during the course of his studies, drifting into literature, writing to magazines and so forth. In 1837 he settled in Brussels, and the account of his life there may be gleaned from a series of his letters. It would not be very profitable to follow him through all the incidents of his life on the Continent. It is interesting chiefly because it shows how he gained the knowledge that he used to such purpose in describing the events of Wellington's wars. We seem to picture him always out of funds, always entertaining new ideas, full of rollicking fun, and acting as an attraction to the kindred spirits that he met, so that his mind became full of such lore as could be imparted by officers who had served under the great Duke in his campaign against "Boney." It is, in fact, the material out of which his brilliant romances were woven and his biography bears a kind of resemblance to them. The novels do not depend for their charm on a finely conceived and well-worked-out plot, like that of "Tom Jones," but on a succession of amusing occurrences strung together on a very slight thread of narrative. In "Charles O'Malley," for instance, we often forget that the hero is in love with Lucy Dashwood, and, though the consummation of their hopes occurs pleasantly and naturally at the end of the book, the reader has very little anxiety about it from the beginning. Even in that splendid preliminary incident, the great ride in which Charles is pitted against Captain Hammersley, it is not who shall win Lucy's favour that we think of but of the excitement of the incident itself, and so with the various characters that figure in the book. Billy Considine would by a greater novelist have been welded into the tissue of the story, but as treated by Lever he is simply an unmatched picture of the Irish duellist, whose proceedings have only a remote bearing on the narrative. So with Mickey Free and the other characters. What they do or say is never calculated in the slightest degree to deepen the general interest of the romance; and the effect produced is much the same as that which comes from reading a collection of amusing short stories. So with Lever's fine and thoughtless life there is little of set purpose and achievement to record, but from day to day life is lived and seldom fails to yield something that has an interest on its own account. The end was inevitably sad. Though Lever's wit seemed bright enough in company, he lost the art of writing stories, and the final books from his pen were not anything like so good as the first. The worst of it was that he was conscious of this, though he never lost his ability to laugh at it. In one of his letters to Mr. John Blackwood he breaks forth into rhyme, of which the following lines may suitably close this inadequate notice:

But the truth is, I feel if my book is unsold,  
That my fun, like myself, it must be—has grown old.  
And though the confession may come with a damn,  
I must own it—*non sum qualis eram*.



## THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS

*The Victorian Chancellors.* By J. B. ATLAY. Vol. I. (Smith, Elder, 14s.)

It is not easy to justify the practice of including in one work the biographies of men, whose only common point is that in the course of their careers they held the same office. Why should Bishops or Chancellors be driven into the same pen? Enemies, or at least opponents in life, they have every right to object to a posthumous and irrational proximity. But in the matter of Chancellors, Lord Campbell has set the fashion, and Mr. Atlay may at any rate quote a distinguished precedent for his enterprise. Nor can we complain of the composition of this first volume, which brings together two statesmen so profoundly interesting and withal so diverse in temperament and attainments, as Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham.

If Mr. Atlay had pursued the method of Plutarch, he could not have hit upon two more appropriate heroes. Only he would be forced to conclude his biographies not by a parallel but by a contrast. The single link between the two men was the link of friendship. They were separated many leagues one from the other by sentiment, sympathy, and opinion. In Parliament they took opposite sides, and they were antagonists in the most notorious case in which either of them was ever engaged. Yet when Lord Lyndhurst died at the age of ninety-one, Lord Brougham, who was already eighty-five, and proof, one would have thought, against emotion, was crushed by the blow.

For a quarter of a century [says Mr. Atlay] they had lived together in affectionate intimacy; the admiration of each for the great qualities of the other was genuine and unbounded. Every afternoon Brougham would drive round to the house in George Street when his senior lay crippled with gout, and cheer him with gossip and *bavarderie*; and in the dark days after Lyndhurst's death, when his own mental powers were fast fading, he would still rouse himself to be driven there, and it was with pain and difficulty that the hopeless nature of his quest could be explained to him.

There is a pathos in the friendship of these two veterans, which we are not wont to associate with them, and the pathos is deepened by the fact that the friendship had outlived the strife of the senate and the court.

The career of Copley was triumphant from beginning to end. He achieved the highest distinctions which his University could confer. Called to the bar, he speedily won the reputation of a sound and persuasive lawyer. "Not brilliant or showy," as Abraham Hayward wrote, he mastered his case with care and thoroughness, and his marvellous memory prevented him from overlooking a single point, or from forgetting so much as a single figure. "His strength lay in his clear, strong, subtle intellect"—again it is Hayward who speaks—"and his highest forensic qualities were of the judicial order." Above all, as a friend put it, "he had no rubbish in his head," and it is not strange that he attracted the notice of Lord Liverpool, who in 1818 offered him a seat in Parliament. Copley accepted without hesitation, and was returned for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. Like many another great man, he encountered at his entrance into Parliament a vast deal of undeserved obloquy. Though Lord Liverpool made no conditions and exacted no promises, Copley, the representative of a Government borough, naturally threw the weight of his eloquence and authority into the Tory scale. For this he was denounced—most unjustly—as a political profligate. Hitherto he had taken no part in public affairs; he had expressed upon a public platform no opinion. What he had chosen to think and to say in the Temple or on circuit did not touch either his colleagues or the people. Like most other strong-witted, clear-sighted men, Copley had not all his life been constant to one set of views. In his youth he may have been a Jacobin; he may have attended a banquet of the "Friends of the People"; he may have talked sedition to Campbell. But it is ridiculous to hold a man bound to words lightly spoken at a circuit mess, and when once Copley had em-

barked on a political career he was as sound a party man as any of them. By temperament and habit he was a thorough aristocrat, and, if it suited his high spirits to shock the pedant Campbell, it is inconceivable that Copley should ever have professed the smallest sympathy with Lord Grey and the Whigs.

No one [said Hayward] who knew him after his entrance into public life could discern a sign, a feature of the democrat. The Ethiopian must have changed his skin, and the leopard his spots. The mind of the alleged convert seemed to have been formed in a Tory mould; all his habits of thought were Tory, and if ever a man became a Tory from conviction, it was this man who is accused of having pretended to become one with a view to personal advancement.

But, cast as he was in a Tory mould, he was not one of those who would sacrifice themselves for a principle. He carried into Parliament something of the advocate. He could present a case, if required, on either side. The worst blot on his career—his sudden change of opinion on the subject of Catholic Emancipation—was not altogether his own fault. He did but turn his coat when Wellington and Peel turned theirs; nor was he so piously committed as they by energy and persistence to the cause of Protestantism. Why should Copley be condemned while Peel and Wellington, whose inconsistency was yet more flagrant, are excused? Why, then, should he not also plead in extenuation that he changed his mind that the king's Government might be the better carried on?

So also in the stormy days of Reform Lyndhurst played a politic part. Though he was no friend of popular government, he would, if he could, have dished the Whigs, and he was prevented from achieving his purpose only by the unexpected firmness of Peel, who, with a fateful irony, "talked of the advantage to the country that public men should maintain a character for consistency and disinterestedness." Little did he think when he spoke these words of the sudden gyration he was to make in 1846! But when he made that gyration Lyndhurst was ready to turn with him. Once again the Chancellor yielded to force, and, Tory though he was in temper, held opportunism the safer policy. With the quick intelligence of the advocate he could see what was advantageous in any course which his friends followed. And unto the end he kept an open mind. New ideas had no terror for him. Though he grew up in the days of Pitt and Fox, he yet hailed the rising star of Disraeli and did more than any other man to encourage that enterprising and imaginative statesman. Above all, he was a man of the world. The profound lawyer and the acute politician yielded always to the high-spirited host, to the reckless talker, who retained to his last days a boyishness of thought and tone, to the great gentleman who could, when he would, impress all the world by the austere elegance of his manners. Such was the great Chancellor, of whom Mr. Atlay has given us an admirable biography, less partial than Sir Theodore Martin's, infinitely juster than Campbell's, and so well-proportioned that it does not contain a single superfluous page.

And then by way of contrast he has sketched Lord Brougham, a man opposed in every respect (save, as we have said, in friendship) to Lord Lyndhurst. The one quality that they shared was energy—energy both of mind and body. But there was a difference, even here, between the two: in Lyndhurst the energy was guided and controlled, in Brougham the energy was wasted on immaterial projects. History cannot show a parallel to Brougham. He was successful and was yet distrusted by partisans and opponents alike. He was a Chancellor, who did not win the respect of lawyers. He was a man of letters, who wrote upon everything, and had a clear understanding of nothing. With many subjects he had a superficial acquaintance; there was scarcely one of which he could discourse with accuracy. He translated Demosthenes's "De Corona" without a knowledge of Greek, and he wrote his own "Life" with so little regard for truth, that it can never be cited without corroboration. And not even a heavy load of years could check his love of rhetoric and self-advertisement. He

delighted in his perorations, which caught the popular ear, even when they hindered the purpose of advocacy. He had as keen a joy in mischief as a schoolboy. Once he carried to the *Times* the news of Melbourne's enforced resignation, merely to watch the embarrassment of his colleagues. On another occasion he sent to London news of his own death, that he might have the pleasure of reading his obituary. But his pleasure was curtailed by the wisdom of Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, who knew Brougham well enough to doubt the news, and published his obituary only when Brougham acknowledged himself to be alive again. And what is left of Brougham to-day? Like Cyrano de Bergerac, he lives by his nose. Nobody will ever read his diffuse contributions to periodical literature. Not one echo is heard to-day of his famous perorations. The work which he did for the cause of education is no longer associated with his name. But the caricaturists have made his nose immortal, and until his nose be forgotten he must share this immortality. However, he was not wholly unconscious of his shortcomings. "I would give you some of my walking power," he once said to Lyndhurst, "if you could give me some of your brains," and it is not surprising that Mr. Gladstone should have regarded this "as the highest compliment he had ever known paid by one human being to another." In conclusion, to measure two men, so dissimilar in character, opinion, and temperament as Lyndhurst and Brougham, with an equal hand is no small achievement, and Mr. Atlay deserves all the commendation that we can give him.

#### NATURE NOTES

*Notes from Nature's Garden.* By FRANCES A. BARDSWELL. (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.)

IN her latest book, "Notes from Nature's Garden," Mrs. Bardswell shows us that she is as well acquainted with the ways of wild flowers as we already knew her to be with those of garden plants. With wild animals also she has more than a nodding acquaintance, and her observations of their lives and ways she tells with a charming carelessness of mien, not as of one who says: "I know much more than I care to tell," but of one who says: "I know so little," and then recounts many interesting things as though they were of poor account. One of her most suggestive essays is written on "The Railway Cutting," a theme on which, did we all believe absolutely in Ruskin, there would be little to write of beauty or grace. Mrs. Bardswell tells us, however, that the despised cutting is in reality a harbour for wild life of every description.

Whatever opinions [she says] human beings may hold about railway cuttings, there is no question as to the favour they are held in by all manner of wild-fowls, animals and plants. To such the railway cutting has become an oasis of safety, a city of refuge, where they may rest secure from the ravages of boys, or the dread visits of field and natural history classes, well intentioned, but not infrequently destructive. Bird-lovers are telling us that, if it were not for the safety and seclusion of the railway cuttings, some of our English birds would be in a fair way of becoming extinct. It is not only the quiet that attracts them—wild creatures easily get used to harmless noises—but they will always flock to any place where there is water, and water is generally to be found in cuttings.

That it is also a paradise for weeds and wild flowers all flower-lovers are well aware who have been ruefully rushed past unattainable treasures—near and yet so far. Chapters like that on "Dangerous Wild Flowers" make the book a useful one to have on the shelf of the "week-end" cottage; townschildren and nurses are often woefully ignorant on the subject of edible berries. A few more plates such as that illustrating the woody nightshade would have added considerably to the value of this particular chapter. Mrs. Bardswell's sympathies are wide; flowers and weeds, butterflies and moths, animals, domestic and wild, are all her friends: even the homely scarecrow she does not wholly despise, but gives him (or her) a

chapter wherein the different characteristics of those quick and dead are humorously commented on. Before we make an end we will confess to liking Mrs. Bardswell best when she is among the flowers—garden or wild—especially when she takes a single blossom, such as red valerian or a sprig of woodruff, and makes a chapter about it, in which gleanings from quaint herbals, the lore of ancient cottagers, the learning of the naturalists and her own observations are all to be found. It is a method that often fails, but Mrs. Bardswell uses it charmingly.

#### BROWNING AS THEOLOGIAN

*Browning and Dogma: Seven Lectures on Browning's Attitude towards Dogmatic Religion.* By ETHEL N. NAISH. (Bell, 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume adds one more to the rapidly growing list of unnecessary books about Browning. We will give the author full credit for the various elementary merits which she displays as an interpreter. She takes half a dozen poems—"Caliban upon Setebos," "Cleon," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and "La Saisiaz"—and subjects them to minute running analysis. It is quite evident that she has studied these poems very carefully, and she discourses about them pleasantly enough, though with a frequent tendency to wordiness and platitude. But, admitting this much, we can find no sufficient justification for the publication of her volume. In all her two hundred pages there is no note of freshness or originality, and she has nothing of importance to contribute to our knowledge either of the special works selected or of Browning's poetry in general. What she says is on the whole sound, but we have had it many times before, and hardly want to hear it all over again. As a matter of detail, we may remark that she falls at times into the loose way of talking characteristic of minor students of Browning, whose discipular bias prevents them from recognising the limits of the master's art; as where she insists upon his power of absolutely "merging his personal identity" in that of Pippa, and "completely" identifying himself with Caliban. That Browning was a great dramatic poet is, of course, undeniable, and it is perfectly right to lay stress upon the impersonal element in his work. But to speak of Pippa as a true dramatic creation is surely a trifle absurd; while as for Caliban—well, if we want to feel the essential difference between dramatic identification which is complete and that which is only partial, we have but to compare Browning's ratiocinative monster with the Shakespearean original.

The chapters composing the volume were, a prefatory note informs us, delivered in the first instance as lectures, and as such we can well understand that they were acceptable and useful. It is a well-known fact that people will flock to public lectures, and listen with every sign of genuine interest to endless talk about books which they will not read, or, at any rate, will not grapple with, on their own account. Miss Naish's work seems admirably adapted to meet the requirements of an average audience of fairly cultivated persons, delighted to absorb knowledge at second-hand, and to be relieved of the necessity of hammering out an author's meaning for themselves. But it is time to protest against the current confusion of the functions of the spoken and the written word—of the lecture and the book. Such confusion was illustrated on a far more considerable scale quite recently by the publication of Mr. Stopford Brooke's lectures on "Ten Plays of Shakespeare." A lecture, while not infrequently it may be little better than a mild form of mental dissipation, may at its best prove stimulating and helpful by sending listeners here and there direct to the books discussed, and putting them at the right point of view for reading them. The factor of personal contact with an enthusiastic and magnetic teacher is also one not to be overlooked. But it



is not therefore to be rashly inferred that everything that has proved useful as a lecture will have any special value in the form of a book.

Even more serious objection must be made to the whole basis of Miss Naish's volume as proclaimed in the sub-title, "Browning's Attitude towards Dogmatic Religion." Dr. Berdoo, some years ago, set the sad example of treating the poet's work as a mass of material out of which it was the critic's chief business to construct a definite and formal system of theology. Miss Naish follows his lead, and exhibits the evil of a now far too common practice, both in her effort to reduce poetic thought to the exact expressions of abstract philosophy and in her tendency to pick out and dwell upon precisely those passages in which the crude intellectual element is most prominent and which have least of the essential value and virtue of poetry. Such unfortunate pre-occupation with the more perishable parts of her author's output is inevitable in a student whose main concern is not with Browning's poetry as poetry, but with his various opinions on questions of "dogmatic religion." Browning is at present in danger of suffering seriously at the hands of such zealous disciples, who are anxious, before all things else, that the world should recognise the master as a great religious philosopher. Browning did, of course, deal much with religious problems; and of his many utterances on such subjects, some were fused by the fire of his genius into great and enduring poetry, while some remained intractable and prosaic—dry argument thrown into verse. But the first and last thing to remember is that the living Browning was, after all, a great poet; and not the least regrettable point about a book like the present is, that it fixes attention upon the less vital components of his work, and thus leads the reader away from its true strength and meaning.

#### A BAZAAR OF POETS

*Echoes from the City of the Sun.* By C. R. ASHBE. (Essex House Press.)

*The Last Poems of Richard Watson Dixon, D.D.* (Frowde, 3s. 6d. net.)

*Lays of the Round Table.* By ERNEST RHYS. (Dent, 3s. 6d. net.)

*Godfrey's Quest: A Fantastic Poem.* By Lady LINDSAY. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)

*Shadow and Gleam.* By LILIAN STREET. (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.)

*At Intervals.* By B. W. HENDERSON. (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.)

*Indian Poetry.* Selections rendered into English Verse, by ROMESH DUTT. (Dent, 1s. 6d. net.)

*Valerius Catullus.* Selected Poems. By L. R. LEVETT. (Heffer & Sons.)

AMID the shouts and cat-calls of the General Election, the voice of the minor poet continued to arise—scarcely audible, but unabashed. Now that the excitement is over, and we know the best and the worst, let us take what comfort we may from Mr. Ashbee's chant:

I sing of England, at whose feet  
In one majestic triumph meet  
Future and past, of England where  
Her children, heaven-blest, prepare  
In pious plenitude to grace  
The Treasure Temple of the race;  
Of England in her aureole  
Of ocean grandeur, whence the soul  
Drawn forth by some diviner will  
Of ceaseless love, is labouring still  
At the great loom the Lord hath planned  
To honour this his chosen land.

Since optimism is refreshing, we will quote further from Mr. Ashbee (scene, Whitechapel):

God, God is in all things, for God is in man,  
Then smite you the face of the Christ if you can;  
The over-soul, star-clothed, shall yet ride the storm  
In power and in speed and in splendour of form.

It fires the express as it breaks through the night  
Like an arrow of flame in its fury of flight,  
It spins with the lamp down the shaft of the mine,  
And the ironclad bears it along through the brine,  
The whirl of its thunder is borne on the brain  
In the fierce red-lit underground storm of the train,  
In the silver-streaked tram-rails it fades as they bend,  
On their long trailing curve by the booths of Mile End,  
In the violet light of the vanishing tram  
In man's soul crying mist-bound, I am that I am.

The above lines will show that the author of "Echoes from the City of the Sun" is sound at heart, even though his inspiration be uncertain and his style not over-masculine. The volume consists of "songs of experience," grave and gay, pleasingly printed and bound.

More of vigour, if less of variety, meets us in the Last Poems of Dr. Dixon—selected and edited by Mr. Robert Bridges, and somewhat vehemently prefaced by Miss Coleridge. The first piece, a tale of Roman friendship, is indeed unsuccessful, but the more intimate poems have a directness which at once arrests attention, e.g.:

Much I complain of my state to my own heart heavily beating,  
Much to the stars I complain: much to the universe cold.

This, of course, is no uncommon mood—but the following words on Death possess the homely and surprising touch of Blake:

And do we cry in hope and fear  
"Then shall we know as we are known?"  
How are we known then? Who knows here  
Each thought, each word, each pain, each groan?  
And who shall say the future life  
Shall end such things for evermore?  
Is not the ghost-world filled with strife  
Shall not all be as heretofore?

Though this little volume holds the last gleanings of a poetic field, the ears of corn are firm and sound.

In "Lays of the Round Table" is much talk of the Haut King, Sir Ector, Sir Launcelot, and the rest; and we hear it all as through a telephone which will not carry to us rightly the voice of a friend. The tone is subdued, as are the pigments of many of our young painters, who grow so much enamoured of the old that they anticipate the grime of centuries. Much more to our liking than these somewhat mouldy Arthurianisms is the mood of "Keri's Daughter":

Now on the windy hill-top, her hair like wafted smoke  
Draws all the darkness after her, to be her beauty's cloak.

I feel it brush upon my cheek, I grasp at my delight;  
The morning star looks cold on me, across the tops of night.

If she should see us ride behind, or the sun sit on his height—  
Know, she would range no longer in her mysterious night.

Then I should keep the white-limb'd girl within my ordered house,  
And let her hunt no longer, with her black cloak flying loose.

Oh, it is well to follow, but not to overtake,  
The maiden in her mystery, for the white spirit's sake.

Lady Lindsay weaves a pleasing, if unsubstantial, tale ("Godfrey's Quest"). The hero wanders away from home in search of the ideal world, which he expects to find somewhere behind the sunset; and, after many experiences as shepherd, carpenter, fisherman, and habitant of some purgatorial island, returns, a blind and chastened man, to his home and to the care of his aged sister. The blank verse flows smoothly for the most part, but the diction is at times inconsistent. For instance, the conversational

She was not quite forgot—poor Marjorie!

is followed by such lines as:

And shaped his path unto the western hills . . .

He did himself apprentice for a space  
Unto a carpenter

To tell a simple little story in blank verse is, we allow, almost as difficult as to mould macaroni out of steel bars.

Miss Street ("Shadow and Gleam") is less ambitious, and therefore more successful. Her Shakespearean sonnets are well balanced, as the following will show:

## MUSIC.

When sorrow grips the heart we turn aside  
From music's underpassion, wild or sweet;  
'Tis agony to hear those strains that chide  
Our coward soul, because we would entreat  
Poor ruined dreams to sleep. . . . There is no spell  
So wonderful as music's cruel power  
To lead the soul to torture and to hell.  
And yet, O yet, the rhythm of the flower  
Concerting with the tender twilight breeze;  
The homing thrush sending his golden psalm  
To mingle with the murmur in the trees:  
These are the songs that lend a lovely calm  
To memories august, till all the pain  
Is softened, and the past is blessed again.

The numerous short pieces which make up the body of the book are tastefully phrased, though never quite warming up to the lyric glow-point.

There is no need to dwell on Mr. Henderson's little book. It consists chiefly of Oxford Magazine sketches and parodies, and a dose of the serious to end up with—the whole, we take it, more or less consciously ephemeral.

Anything but slight, anything but ephemeral, are the "Rig Veda" and the "Upanishads," from which, amongst other less ancient Indian poetry, Mr. Romesh Dutt has selected passages for translation. The short trochaic line adopted throughout causes a monotonous effect, and yet gives an impression of simplicity and directness. Let us quote two characteristic passages:

He the Father,—made us all,  
He the Ruler,—hears our call,  
He the Feeder,—feeds each nation,  
Every creature in its station;  
Names of many Gods he bears,  
He is one,—we seek by prayers!

and again, from the recognition-scene in the "Bridal of Uma" (Siva in disguise has spoken slightly of himself):

Refuge of the wide creation,  
Ruler of Immortals' fate,  
Doth he brook our mortal customs,  
Pomp and pageantry and state?  
Void of wealth,—but source of riches,  
Homeless,—ranging earth and sky,  
Wild of mien,—his grace pervadeth,  
Who can comprehend the High?  
Wearing gems or coiling serpents,  
Brodered lace, or skin and skull,  
Who can guess his real image,  
Glossed in worlds, pervading all?

Turned away the damsel  
From the stranger guest,—  
Through the bursting wild bark  
Heaved her angry breast!  
Smiling he embraced her,  
All disguise removed,—  
Uma gazed in wonder,  
Twas her lost and loved!

This "Bridal of Uma" is clearly a fine poem in the original, and we are grateful to Mr. Dutt for giving us in his naïve verses some glimpse of its quality.

Catullus is indeed a rod for the translator's back: his studied simplicity is as stubborn as Heine's lyric ease. To transform is almost inevitably to deform. Mr. Levett's versions have the merit of moving smoothly for the most part, and they will serve well the needs of any non-classical reader. We like to shake hands across the centuries with a real "good fellow" such as Catullus, and to pray once more that he has quite forgotten Lesbia. Hear his last cry (in Mr. Levett's version):

O Caelius, friend, methinks 'twas known to thee  
How Lesbia once was all my joy and pride.  
My Lesbia, my sweet Lesbia, who to me  
Was more than kindred, yea and all beside,  
For whose dear sake I willingly had died.

And now to hear that she  
What she so hardly would bestow  
On poor Catullus, though he loved her so,  
She'll sell to any scoundrel that may come,  
A common harlot in the streets of Rome.

## THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE TRACT "ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS"

IN the ACADEMY of March 17 we intimated our disbelief that we have a genuine work of Aristotle in the very ancient, valuable and interesting essay on the Constitution of Athens, published for the British Museum by Dr. Kenyon in 1891. The weight of modern critical judgment is certainly on the side of its authenticity. But the disbeliever may without audacity express his doubts, seeing that those doubts have found lodgment in the minds of such scholars as Rose, Herwerden, Cauer, van Leeuwen, Droysen, Ruehl, Schwarcz.

The upholders of the Aristotelian authorship rely solely on internal historical evidence, refusing to open their minds to the evidence afforded by style. They urge that the latest limit of its composition must be B.C. 307, because the writer speaks of the Athens of his time as having only ten tribes, whereas in that year the number was raised to twelve. Dr. Kenyon's conclusion from various pieces of internal evidence is:

This work was therefore written, or at least revised, at the earliest in the last seven years of Aristotle's life, and at the latest in the fifteen years after his death.

But does the fact that it mentions no incident after B.C. 307 show that it must have been composed before that year? Inferences of this kind overlook the possibility that there may have been many successive editions in the century following Aristotle and even later of a (real or supposed) treatise by Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens. Each successive editor would be careful not to refer to any institution posterior to Aristotle, which would, of course, betray a post-Aristotelian origin. This would be no very difficult task to a pupil of Aristotle or to one who had read a clever pupil's notes of the philosopher's lectures, and who was well acquainted with the institutions of Athens up to the date of his death. But such an editor might, and probably would, have been quite incapable of reproducing the characteristics of the style and diction with which readers of the "Ethics," "Politics," "Poetics" and "Rhetoric" are familiar. Let us suppose that a minor politician of our own time wished to pass off an essay of his own as the work of Hallam, he would be careful not to refer to the "one man one vote" agitation or to that for taxation of ground-rents, tariff reform, devolution, or other political cries which have arisen since Hallam's time. But he might be quite incapable of achieving Hallam's manner of writing. Modern words and phrases would "crop up"; he would speak of "proving up to the hilt," he would use expressions like "with the result that," and he might even "avail of" the split infinitive. This is just what the author of the treatise under consideration has done. He has used a plainly post-Aristotelian diction, though he never refers to a post-Aristotelian institution. To make good our point we must give a few, perhaps the most striking, of such words and phrases which elsewhere occur only in later writers (references are to Dr. Kenyon's edition):

## A.—WORDS:

- P. 14. *ἔλεγος* "a poem in elegiac verse" (found in that sense first in Plutarch and Strabo.)  
P. 17. *καταφάττειν*, "to declare in public" (Plut.).  
P. 32. *μεμψιμοιρία*, "fault finding" (Lucian and Cic. Epp.).  
P. 36. *διαφημισμός*, "a proclamation" (Dion. Hal.).  
P. 65. *ἐξαπορεῖν*, "to be in great want" (Polyb., Dion. Hal., Diodorus).  
P. 90. *συναρέσκεσθαι*, "to be pleased with" (Sextus Empiricus).  
P. 95. *μανίαν*, "to be mad" (Josephus).  
P. 111. *ἡμέρα ἀφροσύνης*, "a holiday" (Aristides).



## B.—PHRASES:

- P. 33. ἀρχαίαν ἐποίησαν, which looks like a translation of *antiquare*, "to annul."  
 P. 65. οὐδενὶ δόγματι, "without any decree."  
 P. 76. ἡτῶτο δίδοναι, "he was not equal to giving."  
 P. 100. ἐπὶ πέρας ἤγαγε τὴν εἰρήνην, "he concluded the peace."  
 P. 109. πράγμασι συμμειγνυσθαι, "to be mixed up in affairs."

Perhaps the most remarkable post-classicism in the treatise is the appeal to the reader, as in διαγινώθι ὅπως, "observe how," in p. 29. Compare διασκόπει in Plutarch ("Solon" xix.) and the similar use of ὅρα in late writers. But no mere list of words and phrases can really convey the impression produced by the style as a whole. It is quite post-classical and redolent of the time of Diodorus Siculus.

In addition to the evidence of diction, the treatise by its matter and contents lends weight to the hypothesis that there were various tracts called Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" in circulation in the ancient world. Some of the fragments quoted as from Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" differ from the treatise as we now have it. Zenobius tells us that Aristotle related in the "Constitution of Athens" how Callicrates greatly increased the pay of the dicasts. Our treatise, though telling a good deal about Callicrates, does not mention this, nor does it appear likely that such a statement found a place in the missing beginning or end. Heraclides Ponticus wrote a work of a character similar to the tract before us. He admitted it to be a compilation from his master's works. Plutarch undoubtedly had a "Constitution of Athens" by Aristotle, from which he often quotes. But there is strong reason to believe that is not the "Constitution of Athens" edited by Dr. Kenyon in 1891. The tale about the request of Pisistratus for a body-guard is told by Aelian in a way which suggests that he had our tract before him; no such similarity is to be found in Plutarch's version of the same affair. Aristotle ("Pol." ii. 12) implies that the Areopagus was an institution of Solon: the "Constitution" places it earlier than Draco; Plutarch combats the view of the "Politics," but does not quote the "Constitution," in support of his own. Plutarch, as well as Harpocration, ascribes the Council and the property qualification to Solon; the "Constitution" makes them Draconian. But the most remarkable proof that Plutarch's "Constitution" was not the one now in our hands is that the latter teems with new illustrations of the address and craftiness of Themistocles, to which Plutarch does not even allude in his life of Themistocles. Could the most anecdotal of biographers have refrained from recording incidents so congenial to his principle of biography and so confirmatory of his view of the wily Athenian's nature? But the general impression which the whole manner and style of the tract conveys is, as we have said, more powerful than any list of words or phrases. There is none of that generalisation so characteristic of the Stagirite. There is uncharacteristic false perspective, as in the diffuse account of the Four Hundred. We do not meet a single one of those profound thoughts which so often startle us in the "Politics," "Ethics," "Rhetoric" and "Poetics." The nearest we come to a comment on human nature is that procrastination is a common *trait*. There is more original thought in the recognition of the characteristic clemency of democracy (p. 59) and the remark (p. 79) that "though a mob can be cajoled easily enough, it is apt to vent its hatred afterwards on those who have led it astray." But the Aristotelian plummet sounds far deeper than these.

In connection with the precious find of the British Museum it is interesting to note how individualistic, even grandmotherly, the municipal legislation of ancient Athens was. Sky-signs were prohibited, and no such structure as the Temple Bar of a quarter of a century ago would have been permitted. Much attention was devoted to the relief of disabled paupers and the exposing of fraudulent applicants for state aid. There was a stated fare for the hire

of female dancers and musicians. There was ample provision for the inspection of weights and measures, the prevention of adulteration and the regulation of street traffic. One by-law rehabilitates a doctrine of our childhood, which subsequent learning was supposed to have invalidated. Hall doors opening on the street were forbidden; hence we may infer that *crepuerunt fores* and such expressions really did refer to the tap on the inside of the door to warn passers-by that the door was about to be opened, and not merely to the sound made by the door in opening, as Becker, Guhl and Koner and others will have it. The treatise testifies to the truth of what used to be considered a joke of Lucian's ("Hermotimus," c. 64), that the Areopagus sometimes held their meetings by night so that they might only hear the arguments on both sides and might not be misled by the appearance or demeanour of the speakers. We heartily subscribe to the judgment of Herwerden (which we translate from the Latin) in his edition of 1891:

Even supposing it should be proved by further investigations of learned men that the "Constitution of Athens" is utterly unworthy of so eminent an author as Aristotle, yet nobody will be disposed to deny that the newly discovered treatise is from many points of view valuable for the study of ancient Athens and of Greek literature.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## GREY GRISOLD

ALL on the misty mountain  
 In the driving rain,  
 There saw I Grey Grisold  
 Bowed under his chain.  
 The fairies have bound him  
 With his knees up to his chin,  
 All in the grey weather  
 Weeping for his sin.

He lives on the lone mountain  
 Sitting on a grey stone,  
 Where the wind pipes sadly  
 O'er the moorland lone.  
 I saw his gnarled fingers  
 And his bent bald crown,  
 I heard his tears falling,  
 Falling endless down.

They have fallen so long  
 To a stream they have grown:  
 They have worn two furrows  
 In the grey stone.  
 Through the rocks and the heather  
 They go flowing down,  
 Where the plovers fly wailing  
 Over bog-lands brown.

Grey Grisold was taken  
 From his bags of gold—  
 The red gold he got  
 For the soul that he sold.  
 To a grey stone they bound him  
 With his knees up to his chin,  
 All on the high mountain  
 Weeping for his sin.

C. FOX SMITH.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## AN EARLY UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

MOST annual publications seem to be the reverse of Peter Pan. While he never grew up, they appear never to have been young. Take, for instance, the Cambridge University Calendar. Who, on regarding this cold, correct publication, would dream that it had ever been aught but a dull recorder of University life? And yet it was once a timid, diffident creature, apologetic to obsequiousness, and painfully anxious to obtain the approbation of the grave and reverend signors who formed the close oligarchy holding sway over the republic of learning that extended for a mile every way round Great St. Mary's.

The copy before us, though not a first edition, is still within the age-limit of Herod's innocents. It is dated 1802, and the name of the Editor appears on the title-page. There is a dedication to H.R.H. Prince William of Gloucester in the best eighteenth-century manner, beside which the most fervid products of the modern art of writing testimonials seem pale.

Should [says the author] the compilation but afford, at a vacant hour, the smallest gratification or amusement to your ROYAL HIGHNESS, the expectations of the Editor will be more than answered, and his labours required.

This discourse, which we might describe as an address to the Upper House, is followed by another to the faithful Commons. It dilates on past and prospective favours:

Through the polite permission of the Rev. and Right Worshipful, the Vice-Chancellor, the several names in the Triposes have been again compared with the Subscription Book in his possession; yet, notwithstanding the precaution, the capricious manner in which some living characters have therein been subscribed with regard to the spelling of their names, renders, in some few instances, accuracy an impossibility:

a curious comment on the state of University orthography of the period.

An Introduction follows. The author has a short and pleasing way with that new-fangled creature, the Archæologist. In a note on the foundation of the colleges, he informs us that "those who wish to dabble in the mud of Antiquity and Monkish fiction, in order to stamp HONOUR upon our establishments, we refer to Dr. Caius." Having thus consigned to the scrap-heap the refounder of Caius and Gonville College and all his works, our historian passes to a detailed description of the intricate constitution of the University, with its checks and counter-checks, which seems to have been specially devised for preventing the passage of any kind of reform, and which was finally swept away by the great revolution of about thirty years ago. Among the numerous officials appear two Taxors, whose function was "to regulate the markets, examine the assize of bread and the lawfulness of all weights and measures, and to call all the abuses and defects thereof into the Commissary's court." Their duties appear to have been especially exercised at the time of the Midsummer and Sturtich fairs. The latter name is a shortened form of Stowerbridge, as it is now, indeed, spelt and pronounced. We have here, in fact, an interesting case of the influence of the written word on the hitherto accepted pronunciation, an influence which came in with the nursery governess and has been intensified by the self-educator revival of learning. We might remark that the pronunciation of many English place-names, which locally have often been shortened and abbreviated, has, during the last twenty years, been revised and fixed by that *arbiter elegantiarum*, the railway porter. He has replaced Hunston by Hunstanton, Lowestoft by Lowestoft, Cicester by Cirencester; while the 'bus-conductor talks of Hole-born and, if you ask for a ticket to Tibbald's Road, replies, "The-o-bald's Rowd? Yes, sir."

The college deans do not seem to have ranked very high in these close preserves of the established religion. Under the name of *Conducts*, they are described as nothing more

than hired chaplains, to perform the drudgery (!) and some of the duties of the college chapels. The chapels themselves appear to have met with equally scanty reverence. We read that "Compositions, Latin or English, are weekly delivered by the Pupils, either in writing or *viva voce* in their respective chapels."

A convenient backdoor to a degree was provided for those clergy who had the wherewithal to pay the necessary fees. After ten years inscription and three terms residence they could purchase the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. Of these "ten year men," however, our author remarks: "There are none such in Oxford: and they acquire little esteem here."

The section of Studies and Exercises deserves to be quoted entire. We are told that the ordinary course of study preparatory to the degree of A.B.:

is very judicious and calculated to form the mind both for science and taste. It may be considered under the three heads of *Natural Philosophy*, *Moral Philosophy*, and the *Belles Lettres*. . . . A superficial knowledge of Natural Philosophy, the smattering obtained by skimming over a variety of books, or attending a vast variety of lectures, are here held in no estimation.

It is a little disconcerting to find in a later passage that the bare *minima* for a degree comprised no more than the first book of Euclid, Arithmetic, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, Simple and Quadratic Equations, and Locke and Paley; and that this *mince bagage* of knowledge had only been compulsory for the preceding three years. Locke and Paley, of course, belong to the course of Moral Philosophy, which, we learn, is no less judicious. A beginning is made with the former, *plus* Logic. In the second year the student takes up Paley (now the only survivor in the Little Go of the many learned doctors whom our author enumerates)—Hartley, Burlamaqui, Rutherford, Clarke, Butler, Law. In addition, what we should call Biblical archæology is studied in Beausobre and other writers. In some colleges, however, sad to relate, these Scripture lectures "are strangely neglected and the course is either very meagre or very irregular." *Belles Lettres* includes an Oration of Demosthenes, Lysias, Isocrates, a Greek play, Longinus, Cicero, Quintilian, and select portions of the Historians. One cannot fail to note the overwhelming amount of prose in comparison with the scanty allowance of verse. But what is more surprising is to find, as may have already been noticed, compulsory Mathematics and Paley, but no compulsory Greek, not even compulsory Latin. Many people will be surprised to learn that, while Cambridge University is several hundred years old, compulsory Greek has yet to attain its centenary—which possibly it may never do.

At the beginning of January the names of intending candidates are collected by a bull-dog and handed to a *moderator* who transcribes them into a book with appropriate marks given him by the several Tutors, such as "reading," "non-reading," etc. The men are then called up to take part in regular syllogistic disputes or "wrangles" in the Senate House. Each Respondent is pitted in turn against three Opponents. The Moderator acts as umpire and assigns each man a particular mark. *οἱ πολλοί*, generally "non-reading" men, only appear one or twice in these verbal duels, and

on some of them a *descendat* or order to quit the box is inflicted. . . . This, however, is not very frequent; whenever it does happen, however, the stigma is indelibly fixed upon the unfortunate subject.

The disputants having been classified, the Examination proper begins on the first Monday in Lent:

Immediately after the University clock has struck eight, the names are called over and the *Absentees* being marked, are subject to certain fines. The classes to be examined are called out, and proceed to their appointed tables, where they find pens, ink and paper provided in great abundance. In this manner, with the utmost order and regularity, more than two-thirds of the young men are set to work within less than five minutes after the clock has struck eight. . . . The young men hear the Propositions or Questions delivered by the Examiners; they instantly apply themselves; demonstrate, prove, work out, and write down fairly and legibly (otherwise their labour is



of little avail) the answers required. All is silence; nothing heard, save the voice of the Examiners, or the gentle request of some one who may wish a repetition of the enunciation. It requires every person to use the utmost dispatch, for as soon as the Examiners perceive any one to have finished his paper and subscribed his name to it, another Question is immediately given. A smattering demonstration will weigh little in the scale of merit; every thing must be fully, clearly and scientifically brought to a true conclusion, and though a person may compose his papers amid hurry and embarrassment, he ought ever to recollect that his papers are all inspected, by the united ability of six Examiners, with coolness, impartiality and circumspection. No one can anticipate questions; for in the course of five minutes he may be dragged from Euclid to Newton, from the humble arithmetic of Boneycastle to the abstruse analytics of Waring. Printed problems are delivered to each person of the first and second class; these he takes with him to any window he pleases, where there are pens, ink and paper prepared for his operations. It is needless to add that every person now uses his utmost exertions and solves as many Problems as his abilities and time will allow.

Copying, cheating and the like were evidently all in their infancy. The whole thing recalls a parlour game.

At nine a halt is called for breakfast. At half-past nine the examination begins again and lasts till eleven. Two hours are assigned to lunch. After another space of two hours the Senate House is cleared for half an hour, during which the Proctors regale some of the dons and superior undergraduates with tea and coffee. The examination is once more resumed and continued till five. Even then all is not over. At seven o'clock "the first four classes go to the Senior Moderator's rooms, where they continue till nine to solve Problems; and are treated with wine and fruit." Quite a family party! The programme is the same for the succeeding day, not forgetting the "entertainment" at the senior Moderator's. Thereafter Mathematics give way to Logic and Religious Evidences. Some of the questions subjoined reveal that the system of cramming up scraps and snippets of knowledge goes back a long way in University Education. We have such five minutes' conundrums as:

From whence do you know that you exist?  
Prove there is a God, independent of Revelation,  
Has the foetus in the womb any idea?  
What is the distinction between a Madman and an Ideot?

The examination concludes at five o'clock, but

the fatigue of the Examiners is by no means diminished; for during the whole of this as on the preceding nights they have a multitude of papers to inspect, and to affix to each its degree of merit, according to which a new management of the classes is made out, called Brackets,

which practically give a man his place. Sometimes two or three are found to be so deficient, "in which case they are PLUCKED": i.e., turned over to Ash Wednesday (Dunce's Day). So little "is required of these low men . . . compassion is totally out of the question." Those who have passed are divided into Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes. The rest are called *oi πολλοι*, or the Multitude. The last Junior Optime obtains the appellation of the *wooden spoon*.

The last three or four of the *oi πολλοι* who are hard run for their degrees are arranged alphabetically, and usually obtain some distinctive title; such as the *Alphabet*, *Elegant Extracts*, *Rear-guard*, *Invincibles*, etc., or sometimes their titles are deduced from their number and concurring circumstances of the day as *The Twelve Judges* or *Apostles*, the *Consulate*, the *Executive Directory* or *Septumvirate*, etc.

The authorities formerly had the right to insert four names in the list, none however are "so ridiculous to accept" at present "this cobweb Plumage."

Those who fall ill before the final trial are allowed

to pass a trifling Examination and appear in the list as *aegroti* . . . But an indulgence of this sort naturally introduces abuses; a *Nervous Fever*, the *Scald of a Tea Kettle*, and a *Bruise on the Hand* frequently put a period to the expectations of their Friends.

Lectures, as a rule, do not appear to have been very much run after. The students in Medicine were not required to attend any courses at all. We also read that the Hebrew Professor's lectures are discontinued for lack of suitable encouragement, that the Lady Margaret Professor's were likewise relinquished for want of a sufficient

audience, and that another gentleman who attempted to give a course on Political Economy met with a similar neglect. On the other hand, the Professors had a wide latitude of choice. The holder of the chair of Chemistry, finding the ordinary field of study already occupied, took for his subject practical mechanics.

Having provided himself with a number of *Brass Wheels* of all forms and sizes, such that any two of them could work with each other, the *Cogs* being all equal; and also with a variety of *Axles*, *Bars*, *Screws*, *Clamps*, etc., he constructs at pleasure, with the addition of the peculiar parts, *Working Models* of almost every kind of Machine. He explains, particularly, the agency of Steam, which is the GREAT cause of the modern improvement and extension of Manufactures.

We have here an embryo of the School of Engineering that was only really established some sixty years later.

The foot-notes to the lists of former Triposes provide some entertaining information. A certain Rosenhagen of St. John's is credited with being the supposed author of the Letters of Junius. Another student is described as the Secretary of a Humane Society for the clergy, not indeed to prevent cruelty to parsons, but to provide for their relief. Another's fame consists in his having been inhumanely murdered by the Natives of Owyhee, while the Librarian of the University is distinguished "for a prize he obtained when travelling bachelor at *Antwerp* against a numerous body of candidates, for a conspicuously accurate *anatomical Drawing*."

In the good old glorious days of fat, not to say obese, abuses, it is interesting to note the printed list of tips and *pourboires* which neither high nor low were ashamed of taking. For the A.B. not only did the college and University officials receive a fee, but there was a regular scale of backsheesh for the porter, cook and butler, gentlemen of property being mulcted at a still higher rate than the others. As for "drunks," they ranged from two shillings and sixpence for ale for the college servants, to a sovereign for the Fellows in the case of the A.M., which was spent on the *incepting* wine, followed by a further call for three pounds for Wine and fruit at the Commencement dinner. A still higher standard of conviviality was demanded of the Bachelor of Divinity. He had to pay his footing by a breakfast to the Fellows, wine in hall, and supper. The same high tariff was imposed on those who wished to take their D.D. Well may the critics of the period have spoken of fleshly divines. These ephemeral orgies, however, were nothing to the *Saturnalia* which lasted for the twelve days following December 25, for which the lay fellows specially came from London. The author complacently indicates that these seasonable hospitalities were especially conspicuous at his own college.

The book concludes with a list of the college servants. It expressly states that it merely contains the names of those who hold the principal offices. "A considerable number more are engaged in the less *honourable* departments." Among those who figure on the table of honour are the Butler, Cook, Porter, and Chapel Clerk, Barber and Jips (gymps). Of these only the Barber seems to have fallen from his high estate.

C. B.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Growth of a Poem," by R. L. Tyrrell.]

## FICTION

*The Mayor of Troy.* By "Q." (Methuen, 6s.)

"Of course, if you don't know Troy," says "Q." as he champs at the restraining bit of his Prologue. Not know Troy! Dear Troy Town. We have known and loved it by repute ever since the "astonishing history" was given to the world, and that must be nearly a score of years ago; while as for "Q." he has, we suppose, known and loved it just as long as Mr. Quiller-Couch has known Fowey in the Delectable (lately pronounced as Dialectible) Duchy. But even in "Q's" knowledge there were, it seems, *lacunæ*;

for one of these was filled up the other day when there came into his hands a manuscript concerning a certain famous Mayor of Troy, a very king in the land a century ago, who, going involuntary to France in the war time, came back ten years later to find that his subjects, despite the statue they had raised to his memory, had forgotten the very face of Troy's chief magistrate. What wonder that "Q" is exhilarated at his find? "Listen! Stretch out your hands," he cries. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes!" For "It is a draught of Troy's own vintage that I offer you: racy, fragrant of the soil, from a cask this hundred years sunk, so that it carries a smack, too, of the submerging brine." Now perhaps the most remarkable thing about this salty beverage (if so we may call it) is the wonderful effect it has had upon the historian himself. It has affected him with a sense of the ludicrous. Under its influence the very spirit of the mock-heroic rides him for a while willy-nilly. Only a recollected incident surcharged with pathos enables him to shake it off. Of that incident later. At the start we are in the midst of the great volunteer movement of 1804; surrounded, as it were, by the "Royal Reds" (103 men and 5 uniforms), the Mevagissey Battery (no men and 121 uniforms); the Looe Diehards and the Troy Volunteer Artillery. They are all mock-heroic (why not? the French did not come, so why be serious?) and most mock-heroic of all is the worshipful Solomon Hymen, Mayor of Troy, and major in command of the gallants of Troy. In every aspect of egregious pomposity we see him, now lording it at home over a mixed retinue, now delivering judgment; and now at last (blindly approaching fate) leading a night expedition by sea, to test the defences of Tolland Cove. Alas! behind the patriotic design lay one darkly doubtful, connected with "Guernsey merchandise." That was the beginning of the end for the gallant major. We must pass over the miserable betrayal of the men of Troy by an irascible squire; the freaks of fortune which passed their potentate by way of a dirty fish-pond and the gallery of a Plymouth theatre to the deck of his Majesty's bomb *Vesuvius* as a pressed seaman, preferring to linger a moment upon what we conceive to have been the turning-point in his record. In Troy Major Hymen's resemblance to the Prince Regent was considered quite remarkable. It so happened that one fine morning His Royal Highness himself inspected the squadron at Portsmouth, and as he was rowed round the *Vesuvius*, a frantic figure besought him from her deck to obtain justice for an unlawfully kidnapped dignitary. "*What a damn funny-looking little man*," said the Prince. At the contemplation of this unkindest cut of all, the historian's merry jocosity fails him, and a different spirit perceptibly succeeds it. He shows poor Solomon, the sport of fate, flipped, as a man might flip a beetle into the night. He is capsized, imprisoned, crippled: the trappings of his vanity peel off him like a skin, but, beneath it all, real courage and tenacity of purpose protect him with an unsuspected armour. He is no longer egregious in the modern, but *egregious* in the classic sense. Here lies the true word that underlies the jest, and in the account of his return we are very near real life with its ironies and changes. Only, we should have preferred taking leave of him in the musty uniform which he donned for a moment in the deserted precincts of a little museum containing relics of his fame. Impossible, no doubt, to say what would have happened had he been discovered in it. But the impossible is often solved in life and fiction.

*Traffic.* By E. Temple Thurston. (Duckworth, 6s.)

WE sometimes meet with novelists who are so eager to prove the inevitability of the trend of their stories that they quite forget to weigh them in relation to the general scheme of life. Of such, to judge by his latest essay in fiction, is Mr. E. Temple Thurston, and we can only regret that he should have treated so pitiful a subject as this "story of a faithful woman" in so inexorable a manner. We say inexorable, for Mr. Thurston seems throughout to

usurp the function of those pitiless Gods, who in the case of Nanno Troy were not "cheated of their game." When the goose girl in the fairy-tale marries Prince Charming, we wish her joy, just because it is a fairy-tale, without bothering our heads as to how many goose girls might expect to share her fine fortune. But when, on the other hand, a pure, sweet-natured Irish peasant girl, burdened with illegitimacy, is made, on that score, the sport of a malign fate, and headed off at every turn towards disgrace and ignominy, common humanity (which is a kindlier thing than it is represented in these gruesome pages) instinctively searches for loopholes of escape from such a triumph of the devil. Now, we do not believe that the revelation of the facts of her birth would have broken down at one blow Nanno's refusal to marry an irredeemable blackguard; still less do we believe that, when (contrary to the advice of one priest) she had escaped from him to London, she would (on the advice of another) have sent for him again. Why, too, when she had turned a fresh page of life in a London shop where her history was unknown, should she have been confronted everywhere by people of both sexes determined to ruin her? Why should her one ally, a man of the world who loved her and knew her story, have proved incompetent to protect her till the situation had become so hideous as that described in the last chapters? Mr. Thurston's reply is implied in his title and illustrated everywhere in his book. He presents his story, not as an abnormal instance of outrageous fortune, but as an ordinary instance of the operations of the law of "traffic." He takes it for granted that animalism is the most potent factor in the heart of man. When the solitary man awaits the approach of a solitary woman—"There is some instinct which is almost primæval—certainly animal—which stirs in his mind." What nonsense this is! And again: "The working man gets drunk on Saturday night; on that day on which his salary is paid the young clerk gratifies his appetites." In any general sense that is about as true as that, if you surround yourself with the handiwork of men's fingers, the fact that a sky exists will be beyond your comprehension. In matters of detail, Mr. Thurston spares us nothing. We really wish he would try his hand at a goose girl and a fairy-prince.

*Hilligenei.* Von GUSTAV FRENSEN. (Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.)

A NEW book by the most popular writer in Germany—for so, since the success of "*Jörn Uhl*," Gustav Frenssen may be called—is somewhat of a literary event. "*Hilligenei*" is a story of the Holstein coast—a story of fishers and farmers and parish schoolmasters: it pictures the life of a simple, hardworking community that has many points of resemblance to that described by the late George MacDonald in his Scottish peasant stories. The charm of this book, as of its predecessors, is in its atmosphere, and the naïve freshness of its feeling and description. The author is a realist, but his realism is as tender as that of Rembrandt when he painted his mother reading her Bible. There is the same instinct for the pathos and poetry of hard and humble life in some of these sketches. Note the return of Piet Boje, the prosperous sailor, to his home, when he takes the knitting-machine away from his old widowed mother, and says she shall never again toil at it for daily bread. But in the evening, when she thinks she is unobserved, she creeps back to it:

"You took it away so quick . . . I could not think what I was doing . . . I cannot think when I am not sitting at the machine . . . I always used to think of you and your father when I was working at it. . . ." And she sobbed bitterly.

"Well," he said, "be quiet, mother. Come . . . be still. You shall work at it two or three hours a day . . . not more. . . Come, now."

Yet the movement of modern ideas is very perceptible in this primitive community, the revolt against long accepted conventions very definite. *Hilligenei* means "Holy Land" and the little town was of old the home of a sect of enthusiasts who looked for the speedy coming of the



Heavenly Kingdom. This old enthusiasm under a different form burns in the heart of the youth whose personality gives a kind of unity to the rather straggling story. Kai Jans has been trained for the Lutheran pastorate, but Lutheranism, as established by law, is far from satisfying him. He ponders the Gospel story in the light of the "higher criticism" and arrives at what he considers the essence of Christianity, as discovered by the "wise and brave German men" who, "unsatisfied by the cold and repellent lore of the Church," undertook "to investigate the Book as though it were an ordinary book."

Just as once in Luther's day a new warm interest awoke in "God's Word" and a new love of him, so in these our days there has flamed out a new love of the modest hero who has been hidden away under all sorts of wonderful disguises. . .

He was a Man. There is proof enough of it. First, he said so. Secondly, he was in his thought a child of his time. Third, he possesses an individual character. Fourth, he had a development. Fifth, his nature was not quite free from evil. Sixth, he was mistaken, especially in this, that he did not come again, and the Kingdom of God did not come either. . . However good and wise and brave he was, he went neither in deed nor thought beyond the measure of men. But he has brought to us out of his beautiful human soul, the belief in the divine dignity and worth of every human soul.

There will be nothing new in this to any one who has studied the recent developments of German theology, but it is always somewhat of an epoch, when ideas of this kind descend from the lecture-rooms of learned professors and become incorporated in the popular literature of a country. The divinity student dies, having thrown his ideas into a pamphlet for private circulation, which we are given to understand is to be the seed of a new Reformation. As a story "Hilligenei" in spite of many passages of great interest and charm, will not bear comparison with either "Jörn Uhl" or "Die Drei Getreun" but as an illustration of the trend of thought in Protestant Germany it is worthy of notice.

*A Dreamer's Book.* Being Fantasies and Daydreams. By J. H. PEARCE. (Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS well-intentioned little book is most moral, most melancholy. It is made up of sixteen or seventeen parables, brief allegorical tales mainly drawn from life, all highly fanciful, but all in one tune, or rather, we should say, all accompanied by the drone of one sad moral. Such joys as life affords are but illusions, happy while undetected, but like the flowers of the field in the land of the Psalmist: a wind passeth over them and they are gone. For illusion, disillusion, death, or some imperfection or prophecy of death moves through all of these fantasies, and all tend to the grave. Reading them one after another is like listening to the old chime:

We must all die;  
All die we must;  
Die must we all  
Die all we must.

Therefore it is not a cheerful little book; neither a book for a rainy day, nor for a day of sunshine. Not a book for the little ones (though it has a look of it), for it would haunt their dreams; not for youth, who could not endure ten pages of it; nor even welcome to age, which, however much or little, has its own memories. What, then, can be said of "The Dreamer's Book"? There is much fancy in the writing of it: here and there a fine conceit, and again and again a touch of poetry, and therewithal good intention. But the reading of it is to be thought of as well as the writing; and we are compelled to say, though with sincere reluctance, that though there may be many who might like its melancholy for their own perusal, there are few to whom it could be offered as a gift without risk of unkindness.

*The Divine Gift.* By R. M. LEWIS. (Lamley, 5s.)

THE freshness of the conception and the delightful keenness with which this book is written, go a very long way towards extenuating certain faults both of phrasing and

construction. They are, to use a hackneyed expression, the defects of the author's qualities, and they are defects which experience will certainly eradicate. The Luciverians have found the secret of immortality; they are able to prolong their physical existence interminably, by the power of will and intellect and the help of certain drugs. From fire alone are they not immune. In the first book we learn how this secret was discovered, how mortals gradually have died and how intellect rules with these immortals, who neither eat nor drink nor beget children, and for whom everything is done by machinery. To them comes one who, centuries before, had left them, journeying in quest of a new race. His arrival creates unprecedented excitement among the Luciverians, who have become dull, thin-voiced, listless, with the exception of a girl Avis, in whom a vague hope lingers—of what, she does not know. He tells them that he has indeed found a new race, and they are called the Vitians or Living Ones: they have developed from pigmy men, to whom they minister, by cultivation of the soul; death comes to their bodies, and without great sorrow. Two Vitians, Astro and his brother, have guided the Luciverian back to his land. Astro sees Avis and loves her. When he returns to his people he cannot dismiss her image from his mind, and at last he leaves his people and goes to her. Then Avis finds out what hope has supported her through the long centuries. But Astro gradually becomes ill and she takes him back to the Vitians, only to be repudiated by them and to die. There is much in the thought of the book that is suggestive: but it is a mistake to insist, as the author is inclined to insist, upon material details. The machines for dressing and undressing, for arranging furniture, for grafting roses, might with advantage be omitted. They tease credulity and are out of the real picture, which is fantastic and charming.

*Loaves and Fishes.* By BERNARD CAPES. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE have always understood that the British public has an invincible objection to short stories, and we wish to begin by assuring it that it will lose a varied entertainment if it objects without trial to these. There are twenty-two stories in the volume and every one of them has an idea, in nearly every case a good one. Now, a great many long novels appear that have no ideas at all, and very few have twenty-two in one cover. In reading these stories, to be sure, the mind must move quickly from Napoleon in Spain to Charles II. in England, from sleeping girls to burglars, backwards and forwards between farce and tragedy. But no effort is involved. The author has a light touch, a fertile invention and a vivid style. Sometimes, to quote from himself, his nerves seem to be jangled into disorder inclining him to imaginative hyperbole. He likens thunder clouds to electric tramcars and a man's fingers to red radishes—similes that jar the imagination instead of helping it. Once or twice, too, he journeys over the border in search of the horrible and the *macabre*. At any rate, we recommend people to read the quaint, tender story of a Sleeping Girl called "The Ravelled Sleeve"; and a fancy as elusive and vibrant as air called "A Ghost Child." But they had better pass over "The Soul of the Professor" sandwiched in between. We know that in the days of Burke people were smothered with pitch-plasters and brought to the dissecting-room, but most of us do not want these abominations dished up again in stories.

*Blanche Esmead.* By ELLA FULLER MAITLAND. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE "Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre" was one of those rambling books that derive their charm from the author's personality. We cannot remember that it left an impression of neuralgia of the soul or of the anæmic refinement that is really a superficial refinement because it can be tortured almost to death by the wrong furniture and other people's wrong clothes. We concede that a man who is "cheery and genial" must be a tiresome companion, and

that a husband who talks of "the wife" should marry a woman who would like it. It is impossible to imagine two people less suited to each other than John and Blanche Esmead, and we sympathise with them in turn: with Blanche when her husband speaks with awe of "the aristocracy," and with John when his wife lies about in flame-coloured tea-gowns instead of helping him with his parish. Mrs. Fuller Maitland cannot really believe that because women are refined they are quite defenceless and incapable; yet she gives that impression in this novel by her presentment of Zéphine and Blanche. One lady lets herself be bullied by two insufferable step-daughters, whose rudeness makes her heart beat; and the other is so backboneless that the possibility of changing a grate that will not burn and a Mary Ann who cannot cook never occurs to her. In fact Blanche marries a man who is quite patently ill-bred and, as a matter of course, his speech and manner jar on her. But if she had not been sick of soul she would have stirred herself a little more to make the best of things. She might have improved the house, dismissed the cook, and threatened John with divorce if he called her "wife" in public. But the only occasion on which Blanche shows any sense of humour is when she comes to life because John tells her she is going to die. It is, we need hardly say, poor John who dies. His execution was a foregone conclusion necessary to the complete cure of his wife's neuralgia.

## FINE ART

### WATER-COLOURS BY MR. D. S. MACCOLL

WHILST Mr. MacColl is known to the general public as an eminent art-critic, and to some of us pre-eminent—MacColl first and the rest of us nowhere—his own work as an artist is less familiar. Therefore Messrs. Carfax have done well to collect some of his water-colours, to criticise which will be a chastened joy. Some of them are quite charming: the subject, unusual for him, called *Théâtre de Verdure*, which was exhibited at the New English Art Club; the perfect *Anemones*, remarkably full in tone for water-colour; the capital *Stormy Venice*, and best of all, the exquisite *Harbour, Dieppe*. It seems to me that his best work is that in which a little *gouache* has been used, as in these and in the two interiors of *Our Lady of the Waves*. Yet the majority of these pictures are drawings, tinted in pure water-colour. There is some charm in the untroubled wash of colour laid once for all on the paper and never touched again. Whistler used it incomparably, but to some moderns—Mr. MacColl, I am afraid, among the number—it is a fetish. After all, Turner, the greatest water-colourist of all, worried his work into beauty; and if the right colour cannot be struck at the first shot—of which feat Mr. Brabazon alone among moderns is capable—then that particular charm should be sacrificed. Mr. MacColl's drawing is excessively summary—not slight, for by slightness is suggested flexibility, evanescence, sensitiveness; and his drawing has none of these qualities. It is not sensitive and tremulous with feeling, as all fine drawing is, but hard, dashing and impatient, a series of telegraphic dashes, long and short, which too often convey no message, or a very coarse one. Coarseness is not necessarily a blemish in water-colour; Turner was often coarse, Girtin almost invariably. But their coarseness arose from saying very little with simplicity, truth and deliberation as far as it went, not in saying a great deal impatiently and incorrectly. The washes of colour, too, often convey no message. Ruskin quotes Turner's word for finishing a picture—"carry forward." In what way does the colour of *A Belfry at Dinan* carry forward the drawing, supplement it, that is to say, add some fact of which the ordinary beholder is not already aware? That bricks are red, and trees green, we know already. There is a tree on the right of this picture indicated in a few lines, and on the

top of these lines is laid a single wash of viridian. If the artist had painted it prussian blue or rose madder, I should have been excited and interested; if he had painted it the true colour of nature, I should have been respectful; as he has only stated that the tree was green, he has added nothing to his drawing. If these touches of local colour were in harmonious relation, their untruth would not be disturbing. The beautiful nonsense of Mr. Conder, for instance, is acceptable.

One quality Mr. MacColl's work has to perfection—the spacing and arrangement of the whole in the frame. The views of Honfleur are excellent in this respect, *La Lieutenantance*, *The Post*, *Honfleur (morning)*, *St. Catherine's Quay*. The accidents and blemishes in a water-colour sketch have a charm of their own, but they should not form the *raison d'être* of the picture. Thus, the *repentirs* of a great draughtsman are no blemish, being inevitable, and in their nature full of intense meaning; but a drawing which is composed of *repentirs*, which is all corrections, and yet is not correct, is unsatisfying. Again, water-colour on smooth paper is apt to run into hard edges. Turner used this characteristic when it was wanted, and in painting a distant mountain would turn his paper upside down, so as to get this hard edge as sharp as possible. But neither Turner nor any other artist up to a few years ago, would have allowed hard edges in the modulation of a cloud.

The examples I have seen lately in pure water-colour have convinced me that it is a dead art and cannot be revived. It requires the conventional eye and habit of mind; whereas *gouache*, or water-colour in which white is used, however sparingly, is peculiarly adapted to modern vision, as is proved by Mr. Brabazon and by the few examples of Mr. MacColl to be seen here. The grand style of Prout and Girtin had an excellent exponent in the late L. J. Wood, some of whose works are now on view at the Modern Gallery, but he was born in 1813. The picture of *Dietz on the Lahn*, one of the finest, belongs to its own period, and is no more to be emulated with sincerity than Cimabue or Mabuse.

Mr. MacColl avoids the pitfall of archaism, but proves himself a modern handling an archaic medium.

B. S.

## MUSIC

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

It does not seem a hard problem to select two choral works of sufficient length to make an evening's entertainment of sufficient homogeneity to avoid the incongruous, yet to judge from the rarity of the achievement is to conclude that the task is more difficult than at first sight appears. Mr. Fagge and the London Choral Society have resorted to various expedients, when a single work was not long enough to fill the programme, of which the most unhappy was that of following the Brahms Requiem and "Vier Ernste Gesänge," with Cliffe's "Ode to the North East Wind," while the happiest was letting Cowen's rollicking "John Gilpin" succeed the rather pompous ending of Elgar's "Caractacus." One feared, however, lest Sir Hubert Parry's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" would be similarly used as restorative after the insufferable tedium of Saint Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" at their last concert, and probably most people were glad to find that it was assigned the first place, and that the audience were allowed to enjoy it while in possession of their full faculties; for, truth to tell, when Samson smothered the Philistines in his last effort, he pulled the roof about the ears of the audience to such purpose as to rob most of us of the power of any further listening to music, for one night at any rate. As it was, the "Pied Piper" received a spirited performance and a spirited hearing too; for both performers and audience entered heartily into it. The comedy is perfect because the music exactly clothes the words aright. Those who heard the first London



performance without previous knowledge of the work might easily miss many of its most subtle points, because its salient features are broad, striking, and of course expected. One knew exactly how Sir Hubert Parry would treat the bustling chorus where the rats of all shapes and sizes tumble from the houses and follow the Piper to the river's brink, and there perish, and it is both vivid and funny at the same time, just like Browning's words; but much of the poem is harder to set to music, and it is in dealing with words which look as though they could and would not be done into music, that Sir Hubert Parry is triumphant where a lesser man would have failed. For, instance, these lines look impossible at first sight:

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 "No trifling! I can't wait! beside,  
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
 Bagdat, and accept the prime  
 Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.

Here is the chance for a dull moment or else that over-attention to a small point which annoys us in the declamatory passages of many modern writers. Sir Hubert, however, carries it through with such a perfect accentuation that instead of appearing an awkward digression it takes its place, as in the poem, as an element contributing towards the climax which it precedes, when the Mayor defiantly cries:

Blow your pipe there till you burst.

Again a delicate feeling for accent helps him to deal successfully with Browning's difficult double rhymes. The lines:

You hope, because you're old and obese,  
 To find in the furry civil robe ease?

show Browning at his worst and Parry at his best in this respect. By the way, these lines are omitted from the words as printed at the beginning of the vocal score, which perhaps suggests that the composer at first discarded them. Such points would become failures if they were heard or noticed in performance, but together they all contribute to the general impression that the words have dictated every note, in fact that this is the music that belongs to them. Then, the orchestra has its own comment on each situation, sometimes adopting the *leit-motif* principle, more often supplying the necessary rhythmic element which the choral declamatory passages lack, occasionally indulging in purely descriptive freaks which are the more effective because only rarely used. The best of these, perhaps, is that which illustrates the squeaking of the rats in "fifty different sharps and flats." A cadence, which was to have been in D major, is interrupted by the bass being forced up to A sharp, from which the fiddles scurry away with a rapid cadenza passage over B flat harmony and one almost seems to catch sight of a tail disappearing down a hole. The Piper, of course, has his piquant little theme, or rather group of themes which suggest alike his character and his piping and the civic dignity of the Mayor is splendidly expressed by his recitative consisting of passages at once pompous and commonplace, which, if examined closely, prove to be largely built on the arpeggios of common chords. This skill in characterisation is to some extent the common property of modern composers. Richard Strauss would have alternated the grotesque capers of the rats with the heavy respectability of the Mayor and Corporation with a bolder sense of contrast; Elgar would have painted the quaint red and yellow of the Pied Piper's costume in richer colours, but there is one element which is constant throughout and which is all Parry's own, namely the music. Too much modern music sets up as its only end the reflection, if not the imitation, of the many changing moods of the words or the subject. While, as I have tried to show, Sir Hubert Parry succeeds better with his words than most people, there is throughout this delightful work something more than humorous declamation and clever illustration.

It is built upon a definite though very elastic musical plan. The themes fall roughly into two groups, which one may call the "Hamelin" and the "Pied Piper" groups. The first, which includes the people, the Mayor, the rats and the children, is all of a bustling, energetic order; the latter is a set of little melodies of a whimsical kind, in which the eerie colour of the oboe is always prominent in the score. These groups are contrasted and developed in a way suggestive of symphonic form, and perhaps it is this which gives to the listener a sense of continuity which is always lacking in a purely illustrative work. Whether or not it can be assigned to so formal a cause it is certain that over and above the fun of the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of Browning and Parry together, there is something akin to what in cant phrase is called "absolute" music, which makes it worth hearing for its own sake.

The London Choral Society's performance has been highly praised, and I think it deserved it. From where I sat, one of those unfortunate places in the stalls of the Queen's Hall where everything seems to become disintegrated, the orchestra sounded noisy and rough and often spoilt the *ensemble*; moreover the rapid alternations of solo and chorus, such as:

"Bless us (*solo*)," cried the Mayor (*chorus*), "What's that (*solo*)?"

did not "come off" as they should. If there was anything more in this than the acoustic imperfections of the hall—and I am inclined to think there was—it is just one more argument for more combined rehearsal of chorus, orchestra and soloists. We trust far too much to our soloists knowing their business and to our orchestral players being first-rate readers, while the chorus is drilled unmercifully in things which cannot be made perfect without complete rehearsal. The difficulties of getting this are immense and are generally thought to be insuperable; if, however, it could be made a usual practice, when producing a new or little-known work, to call one complete rehearsal three or four weeks before the performance, in addition to the final one, it would so increase the value to both conductor and chorus of their subsequent work by showing them where and how to direct their energies, that the level of first performances would be very much raised, a far more perfect *ensemble* being obtained. As it was, however, Mr. Fagge and his performers did their best, and it was a good "best." The clever singing of Mr. Arthur Winckworth and Mr. Henry Brearley, in the parts of the Mayor and the Piper respectively, added point to the Comedy without intruding themselves upon it; they contributed a fair share towards a success which it was by no means easy to win.

H. C. C.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

ARRANGEMENTS for the publication of the Cambridge Mediæval History have now been made by the Syndics of the University Press. The first volume will be published soon after the appearance of the last volume of the Cambridge Modern History, with which it will be generally uniform, and the work will be completed in eight volumes. The Cambridge Mediæval History has been planned by Professor J. B. Bury, and will be edited by Professor H. M. Gwatkin, Miss M. Bateson, Fellow and Lecturer of Newnham College, and Mr. G. T. Lapsley, Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall promise some time this month a new Life of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The author, Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, holds that the manuscript from which history has drawn its estimate of Rousseau has been subject to erasures and corrections which, to a certain extent, prove a deliberate attempt by his enemies to misrepresent his whole career.

A work on "Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition from Alcmaeon to Aristotle" by Professor John I. Beare, is about to be published by the Oxford University Press.

The author's object has been to glean and put together systematically, from Aristotle himself and his predecessors, whatever may explain or illustrate the parts of his writings essentially concerned with empirical psychology.—An essay on "The Nature of Truth" by Mr. H. H. Joachim is announced by the same Press. In it an examination is made of certain typical notions of truth, one or other of which—whether in the form of a vague assumption, or raised to the level of an explicit theory—has hitherto served as the basis of philosophical speculation. Mr. Joachim maintains that every one of these notions fails to maintain itself against critical investigation.

The Chiswick Press will issue shortly a book on "The Old Stone Crosses of Dorset," by Alfred Pope. It is to be printed on Dutch handmade paper, with thirty-three photogravures, and the work will consist of an Introduction and sixty-one descriptive articles on old stone crosses and ancient stones existing in the county of Dorset. A folding sketch-map of the county will be given, with the positions of the various crosses indicated in red ink.

A new book of stories by "M. E. Francis" (Mrs. Francis Blundell) will be published this month by Messrs. Longmans. It is entitled "Simple Annals," and consists of stories which deal chiefly with the lives of working women.

Mr. Robert Dell's translation of M. Paul Sabatier's "Disestablishment in France" will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on April 9.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel, "The Flower of France," will be issued shortly in England by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and in America by Messrs. Harper Brothers.

Messrs. Pitman have in the press a book on "Whistler and Others," from the pen of Mr. Frederick Wedmore.

The keen watchfulness of our foreign trade rivals has never been better illustrated than by the large orders which are reaching Messrs. Newnes from Germany for the first issues of their great Atlas of the World's Commerce which is now appearing in sixpenny numbers. Many people think it almost a pity that the exportation of such a work of reference as this cannot be prohibited, on the ground that it puts our competitors in possession of valuable commercial information, of which they sometimes make better use than ourselves. Others would deplore the national apathy which would be so ready to admit that we were not so wide awake as our neighbours.

"The Challenge to Christian Missions," by the Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A., is announced by Messrs. H. R. Allenson, Limited, for publication shortly in their Sixpenny Series. They have also in the press two other volumes in the same series: Dr. John Young's "The Christ of History"; and R. W. Emerson's "English Traits."

Messrs. Everett and Son, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, W.C., are publishing early in April a libretto for grand opera entitled "The Corsair," by W. V. Herbert (Capt. F. W. von Herbert), based on Byron's "Corsair" and "Lara."

## CORRESPONDENCE

### EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On belatedly reading your review I at once wired to Drs. Furnival and Bradley (who had written to me) informing them that the attack on this Society was misleading and unjustified; that a full reply was forthcoming; and asking them to suspend judgment and action till they had heard the other side. However, their letters of withdrawal appeared before either the secretary or myself had had an opportunity of replying!

I regret this *ex parte* and hasty judgment. I am convinced that ultimately they will acknowledge just as publicly in their usual whole-souled impetuous English way that, at all events, the Early English Drama Society is not so black as your reviewer has painted it.

Still, so far as the question of hon. vice-presidentship goes, that ends public interest; those remaining have been informed of the facts, and been asked what they wish done. All I will say is they were all fully cognisant of the constitution of the Society.

Now, for what remains of public interest in the larger question of

our objects, and the means taken to adequately obtain our ends. But first to clear the ground as regards the text of *Hicksoner*.

Having an eye to the animus displayed by your reviewer, and the obvious objective of his attack—the discrediting of the Society in the eyes of those who had showed their sympathy, and, I believe, personally still retain that sympathy for its objects—having this in view, and with my own inner knowledge of the why and wherefore of the attack, I will engage to meet him point by point if he will emerge from his anonymity so that I may know officially, as I know *unofficially*, who it is that I am engaging. I will then frankly acknowledge my own mistakes; but, at the same time, I shall not hesitate to gibbet him, and give chapter and verse for the contention I now advance that, in his "results," he is not only misleading, but carelessly inaccurate in four of his instances; and that he suppresses (or does not mention) material facts in other three cases. For the rest, some are obvious misprints; and in some cases I have, as I have said, inexcusably (I think) blundered myself. As to the general question of Hazlitt's text and how far I have followed it, I will go into that matter when I can meet my opponent in the open.

I will now touch upon the objects and methods of the E.E.D.S. Here are the pertinent points:

It is notorious that all our "learned" (printing) "societies" have been more or less in straightened circumstances for decades: their work cramped, delayed, and oftentimes abandoned. The chief causes are apathy and *£ s. d.*

We have put our finger on the weak spot; and, putting our views into effect, have been justified by results.

In our Early English Dramatists Series we are doing work which badly wanted doing; work which no editor or publisher, no matter how "enterprising," has hitherto cared to attempt. Is it "such a grave mistake" to show the way where others have failed? Unlike subscribers to "learned" societies, we don't even ask ours to take books: they come to us, and, if they don't want them, they need not take them. With the societies of which your reviewer speaks it is: "Give us your subscription," and then (practically) "Open your mouth, shut your eyes," etc. However, our results are satisfactory, and before passing to outlining our real object I may state, as regards "texts," that since the initial volumes our scheme has naturally grown; and experience and research has materially, though gradually, modified our own method of work. In the same way that double the number of plays will be given in the Second Series, as compared with the First Series, so also, for very sound reasons, have we, and are we, increasingly adopting the practice of photographing the original texts (I enclose you a sample) upon which I work direct. A modern orthography may be "a wrong start." We doubt it. There is no object whatever in placing difficulties in the way of the ordinary student of English literature. He wants to get at the author's meaning; and neither that, nor his construction, is obscured by changing the antique, obsolete orthography for the current spelling, always provided that an editor is careful to conserve the spelling and form (even a word itself) here and there in cases where justice to the author requires it; or the rhyme demands it; or the interest attaching to the use of an obsolete or obscure word seems to render such a course desirable. A text thus dealt with (and "noted") satisfies all but those whose business or inclination concerns them with "the higher criticism," textual or otherwise.

To continue. The Early Dramatists Series by its success has enabled us to bring our real objective within the range of practical politics—viz., our Facsimile Series, which is the only part of our scheme intended for those who are, as I have indicated, concerned with the higher textual criticism. For such we hold no reprint, however carefully done, is adequate. Errors must occur while an infallible printer (to say nothing of the infallible editor!) are wanting. For these facsimile is "the only wear": facsimile, too, of the most exact kind: no "touching up" of "blemishes," "restoration" of blurred words, or other mechanical manipulation of the original must be allowed or attempted. A "note" is all that in such a case is allowable.

On lines such as these is our Facsimile Series planned. If that will not be a boon to scholarship it is difficult to conceive what is wanted. Moreover, it was with this section of our work in view that our hon. vice-presidents were approached. I wanted their advice, based on their larger experience, as to the real needs of the world's scholarship in this direction. I am certain they will all do me the simple justice to admit that I have sought their advice; that I have taken it as regards the initial texts; that I accepted it as regards the *best* editors (to be invited on "business principles") for such texts; and that, as a matter of fact, one of our retiring honorary vice-presidents has been good enough to undertake to edit our initial volume of the series. Moreover, I have sought an expression of opinion from the subscribers to this series as to the works most acceptable for "continuations." Is not all this, sir, legitimate and good work?

My letter is already too long. All I will add is that we are content to abide the final judgment of unbiassed scholars as to the ultimate value of our work.

JOHN S. FARMER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his notice of four volumes sent by the Early English Drama Society, before beginning the legitimate part of his review, goes out of his way to make certain strictures on the Society itself.

These strictures are, in my opinion, quite gratuitous, made possible only by wilful misunderstanding and supported only by innuendo.



The E.E.D.S. has a regular constitution, duly formed under a legal document, providing, *inter alia*, power to change its publishers, to dismiss its secretary, to appoint another editor; and also to join as Hon. Vice-Presidents, scholars or others of eminence who are in sympathy with the aims of the Society. It need hardly be said that these latter have no more responsibility for the editing than the Vice-Presidents of a Hospital have for the acts of its surgeons.

It is a publishing society and has not claimed to be a "learned" society, and although it has already been favoured with a request for income-tax, it has not and does not intend to publish a balance-sheet; it has not asked for or received any public money to call for that formality, indeed, the Society has studiously avoided taking cash except as payment for goods delivered.

I shall be sorry to dispense with the list of Hon. Vice-Presidents but it may be said, at once, that the subscribers direct, or through the booksellers, have been attracted by the subject, and not by the names on a *proof prospectus* sent to the Press. Less than forty sets of the small paper remain for other subscribers—and if they are constant to us they need not doubt but that the whole scheme, will be carried to the end.

The work the Society has set itself is of considerable magnitude, is in my humble judgment worthy of support and its execution will I doubt not, taken as a whole, obtain the benediction of the ACADEMY.

WM. W. GIBBINGS.

18 Bury Street, April 2.

[We must decline to gratify Mr. Farmer's desire to know the name of our reviewer. The difference between a signed and an unsigned review is that the former is written on the authority of the reviewer with the acquiescence of the Editor; the latter carries with it the full authority of the paper. It was desired that the article in question should appear with the full authority of the ACADEMY. It was therefore published anonymously, and will remain anonymous, though it is obvious that our reviewer has taken no pains to conceal his identity.

In opposition to Mr. Farmer's imputations of "animus" we desire to say that the books were not asked for by our reviewer, but were sent to him in the ordinary course as a person qualified to pass a fair judgment on them. Our reviewer on his own behalf disclaims absolutely and unreservedly any ill-feeling against Mr. Farmer. But he felt bound, when the opportunity was offered to him, to protest against what appeared an attempt to use the word "Society," and the prestige given by the names of six eminent scholars, in an undesirable manner. Mr. Gibbings regards strictures on this point as outside the "legitimate" function of a reviewer. But the point is surely a matter of public concern and as such was rightly commented on in a notice of the first publications of the Society.

On the question of responsibility our reviewer dissents emphatically from the view that the vice-presidents of a hospital are not responsible for the acts of its surgeons. He is also of opinion that a hospital which refused to publish a balance-sheet would have no right to vice-presidents at all, and that its use of the name "hospital" would be injurious to the institutions conducted on the usual public lines.

Our reviewer remarks that it is interesting to know that the Society has "a regular constitution"; it would be still more interesting if Mr. Gibbings would allow the ACADEMY the privilege of publishing it. At present it would appear from Mr. Gibbings's letter that the Society has some kind of existence apart from the subscribers, from whom it "has studiously avoided taking cash except as payment for goods delivered." If, however, this is a wrong impression and the subscribers really possess the powers which Mr. Gibbings describes, some curiosity may be forgiven as to what machinery exists for enabling them to take any initiative in such matters.

As regards Mr. Farmer's strictures on "learned" societies, we have no desire to defend these as against Mr. Farmer. But the strictures only make it more difficult to guess for what reason those responsible for the Early English Drama Series have called their rather mysterious association by so discredited a title. An ordinary critic might have thought that in calling it a society they desired to make it appear more "learned" or more disinterested. According to Mr. Farmer they can only have desired to dispel any idea that it should be too efficient.

In conclusion, we note that, under a plea which would prevent any review from carrying with it the full authority of the paper in which it appears, Mr. Farmer evades any answer to our reviewer's proof that the text of *Hickscorner* printed by the Early English Drama Society contains numerous grave errors, and that these grave errors appear to be taken over bodily from Mr. Hazlitt's edition of 1874. The rest of his letter appears to be intended as an advertisement of his series, hardly germane to the question at issue.—Ed.]

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My connection with "The Early English Drama Society" is (as your reviewer surmised) merely of a complimentary nature. I read a proof of the prospectus, corrected some errors, and made some suggestions; and I was waiting for a "revise" when I observed—from the review in your columns—that two volumes (which I have not yet seen) have been actually issued by the "Society."

The idea of publishing a corpus of old English plays is, I think, good; and your reviewer's animadversions will doubtless induce the editor to make every effort to secure accuracy in later volumes.

In the book-selling world to-day the term "Society" is (I agree with your reviewer) too loosely used. If Mr. Gibbings and Mr. Farmer will dub their series simply "The Early English Drama" I am sure that

their spirited venture, to which I wish every success, will not suffer. There is no need for "hon. vice-presidents." I accepted the position with reluctance, and am glad to hear from Mr. Gibbings that the names of the "hon. vice-presidents" will be withdrawn from future prospectuses.

A. H. BULLEN.

P.S.—Of course, Mr. Farmer is not a Bentley; but do Oxford and Cambridge, when (at rare intervals) they give us texts of the old dramatists, satisfy the fastidious?

#### AN EMENDATION OF HERODAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Allow a German to re-establish "l'Entente cordiale" between the Irish-English scholar, Professor Tyrrell, and the French Professor, H. H. Johnson, of Rennes University. Monsieur Johnson is wrong, *verbis et factis*. Professor Tyrrell knew the emendation, *ῥῆν Ἀκῆσσω σελήμαιν*, in the sense of *pueri nates*, before he could have seen the Frenchman's letter in the ACADEMY of November 11, 1905, p. 1181. For I myself wrote to Professor Tyrrell at Dublin directly after having received the ACADEMY of November 4, 1905 (on November 6 or 7): "Years ago I noted this sense of the phrase in my copy of Herodas, without knowing where I have found it." Professor Tyrrell immediately answered, and writes me (Dublin University Club, November 11): "The more I think of your explanation of Herodas iii. 61, the more I believe in it. It was the full moon that satisfied Akæsaes, and that is a very apt expression for a *puer natus*." I find that on p. 257 of the ACADEMY, Professor Tyrrell had no opportunity, nor was he obliged, to quote an authority for this explanation, which I had communicated to him. Also months ago I gave the explanation to Mr. Nairn, after having seen his edition.

DR. MAX MAAS.

Munich, Bavaria, March 29.

#### NON-UNIVERSITY HISTORIANS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In dealing with the statistics of the University training of authors, you are again unlucky with your selection of typical "non-University historians." Not to insist further on Smollett, who once more figures as never having been at any University, it seems necessary that somebody should make protest against James Mill, George Finlay, and Colonel Mure being classed with the rankers. Mill was not a great historian, but the fault was not in his lack of University opportunities. Sent to Edinburgh University in 1790 at the comparatively mature age of seventeen, he got all that the Arts and Theology faculties could give him in eight years of strenuous hard work there. He was not merely distinguished in Dugald Stewart's classes, but had such a record in Greek that in 1818 he was advised to stand for the Greek chair in Glasgow University.

George Finlay, the historian of Greece, had not such a normal academic course as Mill. But resolving to go to the Scottish bar, he continued at Göttingen University his law studies begun in Glasgow, reading hard (but miscellaneous) for some two years; and after a campaign with the Greek revolutionary army in the Morea, resumed his legal studies at Edinburgh University, passing the examination in civil law required for the bar.

Colonel Mure of Caldwell came from Westminster School to Edinburgh University and completed his studies at the University of Bonn—so that his wide knowledge of Greek literature was not acquired by accident, or picked up during his tour in Greece.

And as to the philosophers and economists, surely it is notorious that Adam Smith owed more to his four sessions at Glasgow, and to the stimulus he derived from such teachers as Francis Hutcheson and Robert Simson than to all the academic prelections or instruction he received at Oxford.

Sir William Hamilton, born within the College of Glasgow, was the son and grandson of Glasgow professors, and in the four years he spent at Glasgow University (not to speak of one at Edinburgh) before he went to Oxford, was already so well equipped for his life-work that at Balliol his tutor left him to manage his studies in his own way.

And as you expressly include among historians those who practise the art as "a branch of literature," surely Goldsmith should be named with the *alumni* of T. C. D.?

U. J. D.

#### UNIVERSITY POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of the 31st ult. you included a letter from "V." criticising the list of Cambridge poets which appeared in the ACADEMY of the 3rd ult. May I point out some omissions from the list of Oxford poets, as "V." doubts whether they are so serious as those from the Cambridge list? Nicholas Breton, Sir Edw. Dyer, Sir W. Raleigh, Geo. Chapman, Thos. Watson, Sir J. Davies, J. Donne, Robert Burton, Lord Herbert of Chesham, J. Ford, Hy. King, Bishop of Chichester, Wm. Browne, Hy. Vaughan, Sir C. Sedley, Earl of Rochester, Wm. Wycherley, J. Norris, Wm. Walsh, Wm. Somerville, T. Tickell, Thos. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Hon. W. R. Spencer, T. L. Beddoes, Sir Francis Doyle, Lord de Tabley.

It were possible, indeed, to give the names of yet another fifty Oxonians of the past whose lyrics are still well known to us.

BATHURST WALKER.

## LOST ILLUSIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of March 31st you say as follows: "A month ago, Waring was Waring, a romantic figure about whom the imagination weaved wonderful stories: to-day he is Alfred Domett," etc. As a matter of fact, the Philistines—and among them on this occasion, unless I am sadly mistaken, we must class Mr. Birrell—have spent the best part of their careers in endeavouring to identify Waring with Tom, Dick, and Harry. These literary coroners are cousins-german to those masters in lunacy who solemnly hold weekly sittings on the question of Hamlet's sanity. Their lack of insight into the true spirit of their own game is, however, remarkable. They have hitherto failed to perceive the obvious fact that Waring is not a concrete personality at all, but a presiding Oversoul, the chief of whose representatives now on Earth is Mr. Winston Churchill.

April 1.

R. NANKIVELL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your note on biographers and shattered illusions you say: "A month ago Waring was Waring, a romantic figure, about whom the imagination weaved wonderful stories: to-day he is Alfred Domett, the Colonial Secretary of New Munster." I remember seeing, about twelve years ago, "The Poems and Poets of the Century," edited by Mr. A. H. Miles. One of the ten volumes contained a selection of the poems of Mr. Alfred Domett, and the introduction to the selection contained the information you refer to. As I had never read the poem, "Waring," I do not recall being greatly disturbed by the identification; but it is perhaps better to have lost an illusion than never to have had it at all.

J. S. LUSCOMBE.

## WILL NO ONE TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I may be a Philistine all complete, but I must confess I have been simply astounded by the frequent appeal to the line:

Will no one tell me what she sings?

in Wordsworth's "The Solitary Reaper" as a supreme instance of lyrical expression. Let us consider for a moment. The words imply that the poet is at the time possessed with a desire that some one should inform him what the song is about. The inference is that there is no such informant at hand; and the poet is therefore justified in indulging in his own speculations. The question is merely introductory to the surpassing beauty of the rest of the stanza, and to single it out for supreme laudation—excellent and natural as it is as a connecting link—is to mistake its subsidiary function, and to confer upon it an elevation, which, I submit, was far from the intention of the poet. Such is my view of the line, but others apparently find more in it than I do, and a statement of their view of its significance would be welcome.

Having ventured thus far, I may perhaps be allowed to mention two things in Wordsworth that have always irritated me, especially as they occur in two poems which are undoubtedly among his masterpieces.

Why does he inform us that the Thrush, whose song gives rise to the Reverie of Poor Susan, "has sung for three years"? The only answers I can suggest are (1) that, though the bird has sung for three years in the thick of London, its song has power to revive rural impressions in the listener; but, then, there would appear to be little virtue in the number "three," and "it has sung there for years"—a conjectural emendation which will perhaps be offered after the lapse of a few centuries—might be preferred; or (2) possibly it may be a fact of natural history with which I am unfamiliar, that the thrush's song is not fully developed until it attains the age of three. Neither of these hypotheses seems to me quite satisfactory from the poetical point of view.

Again in perhaps the noblest division in the Ode on Intimations of Immortality, what is the significance of the line "Nor Man nor Boy," which I never read without asking myself, why not "Nor Woman nor Girl"? It is very ungallant of me, no doubt; but I cannot bring myself to feel that the poet meant here to flatter the female sex. I have tried to regard him as referring to manhood and boyhood as typical stages of growth in the course of which "the vision splendid" fades "into the light of common day." I wonder if this interpretation is tenable.

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

March 17.

## EPITHETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As the discussion about the "immortal phrase" seems to have closed, will you allow me to observe that, if we are to measure the greatness of poets by purely verbal tests of this nature (a proposition to which I emphatically demur), the epithets which they use will supply a much simpler and more conclusive test? Take, for instance, a few hundred lines of Milton's "Comus," and consider his use of the following epithets: "white-handed Hope," "violet-embroidered vale," "the vocal air," "the empty-vaulted night," "the raven dawn of dark-

ness," Scylla's "barking waves," "home-felt delight," "low-roosted lark," "usurping mists," "her unpillowed head," "the unsunned heaps of misers' treasure," "some ill-greeting touch," "squint suspicion," "with unblended majesty," "the huddling crook," "flaunting honeysuckle," "the drowsy-flighted steeds that draw the litter of close-curtained sleep," "solemn-breathing sound," "the pillared firmament," "the unexempt condition," "vizarded falsehood."

Or take the poet who is the very soul of poetry, as musicians tell us that Mozart is the very soul of music, and consider Keats's use of the following epithets, which occur within a less space than Milton's: "full-throated ease," "sunburnt mirth," "beaded bubbles," "purple-stained mouth," "viewless wings of poesy," "the murmurous haunt of flies," "easeful Death," "hungry generations," "Ruth . . . stood in tears amid the alien corn," "mossed cottage trees," "the winnowing wind," "barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day," "an azure-lidded sleep," "from silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon," "with glowing hand," "in woofed phantasies," "moan forth witless words," "at these voluptuous accents," "like a throbbing star," "in the besieging wind's uproar," "along the gusty floor."

If it be true that a single head of Phidias and Praxiteles supplies an indisputable proof of the genius of those great sculptors, I venture to think that the poets who could write the few words I have quoted, even supposing that all the rest of their poetry had been lost, would be visibly stamped in the eyes of discerning critics with the seal and superscription of the Muse. And I believe that, if the one-sided admirers and advocates of Shelley and Wordsworth will take the trouble to apply this test to them, they will be constrained to say with Virgil's shepherd:

"Et vitula tu dignus, et hic."

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

## A CURIOUS DISSENTING ENDOWMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In "The Church and Her Story" I have described the curious dissenting endowment at Little Maplestead, where the Sabbatarians or Seventh Day Baptists, are the owners of the great tithe and four hundred acres of land, and are also patrons of the living, which "living," by the way, is worth £60 a year! As I am now preparing a new edition of "How Dissent is Established and Endowed," I shall be grateful if any reader of the ACADEMY can send me particulars of any Dissenting Endowments of which they happen to possess knowledge, and also especially to learn if any similar case exists where Nonconformists are patrons of a church living and devote the tithe to other than Church purposes.

G. H. F. NYE.

35 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square,  
March 30.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ARCHÆOLOGY.

*Annual Progress Report of the Archaeological Surveyor, United Provinces and Punjab, for Year ending 31 March 1905; and Photographs and Drawings Referred to in the Annual Progress Report.* Camp Branch, Govt. Press, United Provinces.

## ART.

*William Strang: Catalogue of his etched work.* Illustrated with 471 Reproductions. With an introductory essay by Laurence Binyon. 10½ x 6½. Pp. xvii, 211. Glasgow: MacLehose, 42s. net.

[The reproductions are two or three to a page; opposite each is the title, date, process, size, and number of proofs. Indexes.]  
*The National Gallery, London.—The Flemish School.* Introduction by Frederick Wedmore. Art Library. 9½ x 7. Pp. xxv. Plates lxx. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Thompson, J. Arthur. *Herbert Spencer.* English Men of Science series. 7½ x 5. Pp. 284. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Innes, Arthur, D. *Ten Tudor Statesmen.* 9 x 6. Pp. 402. Eveleigh Nash, 15s. net.

[Deals with the characters of Henry VII.; Cardinal Wolsey; Sir Thomas More; Cromwell; Henry VIII.; Somerset; Cranmer; William Cecil (Lord Burghley); Sir Francis Walsingham; and Sir Walter Raleigh.]  
Eagar, M. *Six Years at the Russian Court.* With numerous illustrations. 8 x 5½. Pp. 283. Hurst & Blackett, 6s. net.

[Miss Eagar was appointed in 1898 to take charge of the Grand Duchesses of Russia, and has written a pleasant, sensible and entertaining book about the home life of the Russian Court. It is neither sentimental nor scandalous; indeed, the author is rather scornful of the rumour-makers. She mentions Father John and other interesting people, and adds chapters on Social Life in Russia and kindred subjects.]  
Lamington, Lord. *In the Days of the Dandies.* Introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 212. Eveleigh Nash, 3s. 6d. net.

[A reprint, in book form, of the series of papers under the above title, which began to appear in *Blackwood's* in 1890.]  
Downey, Edmund. *Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters.* With Portraits. In 2 vols. 9 x 6. Pp. xi, 808. Blackwood, 21s. net.

(See p. 325.)



## CLASSICS.

- Bacchylides.* The text edited by Sir Richard C. Jebb. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. viii, 56. Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.  
[This is the text prepared by the late Sir Richard Jebb for his annotated edition (Cambridge, 1905).]

## DRAMA.

- Dillon, Arthur. *The Maid of Artemis.* 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 68. Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.  
[A poetic drama of Ancient Greece. In six scenes.]  
*Paradise Lost.* A drama in four acts, adapted from John Milton's epic poem. By Walter Stephens. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x6 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 48. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net.

## ECONOMICS.

- Lange, M. E. *Local Taxation in London.* With a preface by Lord Welby. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. xii, 46. Published for the London Reform Union by P. S. King & Son. 1s. net.  
[Three chapters, dealing with the relation of London to the Imperial Eschequer; the financial relations of different parts of London to the whole; and the relative positions of land and of buildings.]

## EDUCATION.

- Watt, A. F., and Hayes, R. J. *Matriculation Latin Construing Book.* 7x5. Pp. viii, 70. University Tutorial Series. Clive, University Tutorial Press, 2s.  
*Our Planet.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 256. Round the World Series. Jack, 1s. 6d.  
[Astronomy, Physical Geography, Ethnology, Religions, Zoology, Commerce, Communications, etc. etc. In fact, all about our Planet, with illustrations, etc.]  
*The Three Term Algebra.* Book iv. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 86. Jack, 6d.  
[A Systematic Course of Preparation for the Oxford and Cambridge Locals.]

## FICTION.

- Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *If Youth but knew!* With illustrations by Lancelot Speed. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. xvi, 348. Smith, Elder, 6s.  
Ward, Mrs. Wilfrid. *Out of Due Time.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 379. Longmans, 6s.  
Crockett, S. R. *Kid McGhie.* With four illustrations. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 400. James Clarke & Co., 6s.  
Tearle, Christian. *Old Mr. Lovelace.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 342. Smith, Elder, 6s. net.  
Marsh, Charles Fielding. *Mr. Baxter—Sportsman.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 346. Smith, Elder, 6s.  
Warden, Florence. *Love and Lordship.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 397. Chatto & Windus, 6s.  
Campbell, Frances. *Dearlove: The History of Her Summer's Makebelieve.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 379. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.  
Little, Mr. Archibald. *A Millionaire's Courtship.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 309. Unwin, 6s.  
Jones, Dora M. *A Maid of Normandy.* A Romance of Versailles. 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 349. Blackwood, 6s.  
Gorst, Mrs. Harold E. *The Light.* 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 355. Cassell, 6s.  
Harris, J. Henry. *A Romance in Radium.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 235. Greening, 3s. 6d.  
Harris, A. L. *The Sin of Salome.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 245. Greening, 3s. 6d.  
Osbourne, Lloyd. *Wild Justice.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 296. Heinemann, 6s.  
Danby, Frank. *The Sphinx's Lawyer.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 387. Heinemann, 6s.  
Lanyon, H. Sant Martin. *The Married Bachelor.* A farcical romance. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 388. Greening, 6s.  
Sims, George R. *The Mysteries of Modern London.* 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 192. Pearson, 2s. 6d.  
[A collection of articles such as appear in the columns of *Answers* and similar papers.]

## HISTORY.

- Besant, Sir Walter. *Medieval London.* Vol. i.—Historical and Social. Illustrated. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x9. Pp. 419. Black, 30s. net.  
*English Historians.* Introduction by A. J. Grant. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. lxxxvi, 251. Blackie, 2s. 6d. net.  
[An attempt to show the different forms that English written history has assumed at different periods by giving: (1) Passages to illustrate the view taken by different historians of the objects and methods of History; (2) Passages illustrative of the method and style of different historians.]  
Salus, Edgar. *Imperial Purple.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 213. Greening, 3s. 6d. net.  
[Vigorous and sensational studies of the Emperors and the social life of Rome from Cæsar to Heliogabalus. We dislike such forms as "Antonin," "Claud," "Tigellin"; but there is no denying that the work presents a vivid picture of the corruption which ruined Rome.]

## LAW.

- Leage, R. W., M.A., B.C.L. *Roman Private Law.* 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 429. Macmillan, 10s. net.  
[An attempt to meet a want which the author has felt in teaching Roman Law at Oxford: viz. "some book which is content to give, as simply as possible, the subject-matter of the *Institutes* of Gaius and Justinian, following, in the main, the original order of treatment."]

## LITERATURE.

- The Oxford New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. *Matter-Mesnality* (Volume vi.) By Henry Bradley. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 127. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s.  
Greg, Walter W. *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama.* A literary enquiry, with special reference to the pre-Restoration stage in England. 9x6. Pp. 464. Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.  
*The Legend of St. Juliana.* Translated from the Latin of the *Acta Sanctorum* and the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf by Charles William Kennedy. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 60. Princetown (U.S.A.): The University Library. n.p.  
[The Latin version was used by Cynewulf as a basis for his poem. Mr. Kennedy, who is Scribner Fellow in English Literature at Princeton, has followed the Anglo-Saxon and Latin texts printed by Strunk in the Belles-Lettres edition of Cynewulf, the Latin text being Bolland's.]

- Alexander, Hartley Burr. *Poetry and the Individual.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 240. Putnam, 6s. net. (See p. 323.)

["An analysis of the imaginative life in relation to the creative spirit in man and nature."]

- The Journal of Philology.* Vol. xxx, No. 59. Pp. 160. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.  
Contents: "The British Museum Papyrus of Isocrates *Περὶ Εὐφρονης*," By H. I. Bell; "Some Emendations of Propertius," By H. W. Garrod; "Elision in Hendecasyllables," By H. W. Garrod; "The Alphabet of Ben Sira," By C. Taylor; "Conjectural Emendations in the *Silvae* of Statius," By D. A. Slater.]

- Matthew Arnold's "Merope," to which is appended "The Electra of Sophocles," translated by Robert Whitelaw. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 169. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.

["An attempt to introduce and to bring home to modern readers who are not Greek scholars, Attic tragedy in its most perfect form."]

## MEDICAL.

- Drinkwater, H. *Food in Health and Disease.* With a preface by T. R. Bradshaw. 6x4. Pp. vii, 174. Dent: The Temple Primers, 1s. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Harris, J. Rendel. *The Cult of the Heavenly Twins.* With 7 Plates. 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 160. Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.  
*Journal of the Continental Congress 1774-1789.* Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford, Chief of Division of Manuscripts. Vol. iv., 1776. January 1-June. Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
*List of Cartularies (Principally French) Recently Added to the Library of Congress.* Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
*American Journal of Mathematics.* Edited by Frank Morley. Vol. xxviii.—No. 1. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.  
Smithsonian Institution.—Bureau of American Ethnology. *Haida Texts and Myths.* Skidegate dialect. Recorded by J. R. Swanton. *Twenty-third Annual Report, 1901-1902.* Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
U.S. Geological Survey.—Dept. of Interior. *Water-Supply and Irrigation Papers* 123, 125, 157, 129, 130, 131, 133-147, 149, 151, 152. *Bulletins* 247, 251, 256, 263, 266, 268, 270, 271, 276. *Professional Papers*, 34, 36-38, 40-42. Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
U.S. Geological Survey Monographs. xlviii—Parts i. and ii. Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
Williamson, J. S. *Anglo-Saxon Amity.* 9x6 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 15.  
[The speech delivered before the Canadian Club, Boston, on December 4 last by the editor of the *Toronto News*. Reprinted by a strong committee at the suggestion of Sir James Gowan.]  
"Lato." *So-Called Skirts.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 124. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d. net.  
[Or, why girls should not wear rationals.]  
Wagner, Charles. *Courage.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 288. Unwin, 1s. net.  
[Uniform with "Toward the Heights."]

## POETRY.

- Austin, Alfred. *The Door of Humility.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 174. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.  
Nyktal Ki. *Patriots All.* 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4. Pp. 18. Printed by Alexander Moring, 3d. net.  
[A poem in spirited but sometimes crabbed verse urging Britons to adopt the proposals of Lord Roberts.]  
Lounsbury, G. Constant. *Love's Testament: a Sonnet Sequence.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 135. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.  
*A Wreath of Remembrance.* By M. Y. W. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. 260. Drane, 3s. 6d.  
Folliott, Thomas. *The Quantock Hills.* Stanzas written in the neighbourhood of Holford. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 37. Fifeild.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Anthony Trollope's *Small House at Allington.* New Pocket Library. In 2 vols. Each 6x3 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 576 and 578. Lane, 1s. 6d. net per vol.  
New Universal Library.—Bullfinch's *The Age of Fable*; Walt Whitman's *Specimen Days in America*; Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* (Classical); Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp* (Country essays); Reynolds's *Discourses*; Francis Jeffrey's *Essays on English Poets and Poetry*; Phillimore's translation of Lessing's *Laocoon*; Macaulay's *Literary Essays*; Borrow's *The Romany Rye*; Oliver Wendell Holmes's *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*; Peacock's *Headlong Hall, Melincourt, Nightmare Abbey, Maid Marian* (in one vol.); Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*; Routledge, cloth, 1s. net; royal blue leather, 1s. 6d. net.  
Everyman's Library: *The Plays of Euripides*, translated by Shelley; Dean Milman, Potter and Woodhull (in two vols.) vol. i. Burnet's *History of My Own Times*, abridged by the Rev. Thomas Stackhouse; *The New Testament* (A chronological arrangement by Principal Lindsay); Strickland's *Life of Queen Elizabeth*; *Gulliver's Travels* (illustrated by Arthur Rackham); *The Lyrical Dramas of Aeschylus*, translated into English verse by John Stuart Blackie; *Lady Montagu's Letters, 1709 to 1760*; and *A Child's Book of Saints*, by William Canton. Each 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Dent, 1s. net cloth; 2s. net leather.  
*Official Handbook of the Church of England, 1906.* 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. xxxviii, 726. S.P.C.K., 3s.  
Geen, Philip. *Fishing in Ireland*; and *Fishing in Scotland and the Home Counties.* Each 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 190 and 348. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net each.  
Dumas's *The Three Musketeers* (2 vols.); and *Twenty Years After* (2 vols.). 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5. Pp. about 450 per vol. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.  
[An English issue of sheets printed in America and published in 1888 and 1893.]  
Harland, Henry. *My Friend Prospero.* Newnes' Sixpenny Illustrated Novels.  
Marshall, Emma. *The Young Queen of Hearts.* Seeley, 6d.  
Bullen, Frank T. *The Log of a Sea-waif*, being recollections of the first four years of my sea life. 7x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. xii, 349. Smith, Elder. The Waterloo Library, 3s. 6d.

- Van Dyke, Henry. *Manhood, Faith and Courage*. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.  
[Sermons written for a church in which there are a great many young men, and afterwards preached in college chapels at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and elsewhere. This edition contains a new chapter on "Christ Fundamental."]
- Stall, Sylvanus, D. D. *What a young boy ought to know*. New Revised Edition. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 193. The Self and Sex Series. The Vir Publishing Co., 4s. net.
- De Flagello Myrteo*. CCCLX thoughts and fancies on Love. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 95. Elkin Mathews.
- The Life of Christ*. By Dean Farrer. With a preface by the Bishop of London. Cheap edition, paper covers. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Cassell, 6d. net.
- Sinclair, Archdeacon. *Unto You Young Men; Unto You Young Women*. Each 7 x 4½. Pp. 258 and 228. Melrose, 2s. 6d. net per vol.
- Gibbon, Percival. *Souls in Bondage*. 8½ x 5. Pp. 164. Blackwood, 6d.

## SCIENCE.

- Bose, Jagadis Chunder. *Plant Response as a Means of Physiological Investigation*. Illustrated. 9 x 6. Pp. 781. Longmans, 21s.
- Scientific Memoirs by Officers of the Medical and Sanitary Departments of the Government of India. *On the Standardisation of Anti-Typhoid Vaccine*. By Capt. G. Lamb and Capt. W. B. C. Forster. Issued under the Authority of the Govt. of India. Calcutta: Office of Supt. of Govt. Printing, 6 annas (7d.).
- Seaman, Louis Livingstone. *The Real Triumph of Japan: the Conquest of the Silent Foe*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 291. Appleton, 6s. net.
- [The real triumph of Japan lay, according to Surgeon-Major (U.S.V.E.) Seaman, in the medical and sanitary departments of her army. He visited the Japanese hospitals and is of opinion that his own country has everything to learn from the Japanese medical methods and organisation.]

## SOCIOLOGY.

- Carlile, the Rev. Wilson, and Carlile, Victor, W. *The Continental Outcast. Land Colonies and Poor Law Relief*, with a preface by the Bishop of Southwark. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xiii, 143. Unwin, 1s. net.
- [An account of a recent visit paid to the Labour Colonies of Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark, to acquire information that might be of use in the social work of the Church Army. Mr. Carlile finds the lack of personal influence a defect in the Land Colonies of other nations, which seldom lead to permanent reclamation. In clearing roads and towns of loafers, etc., they are of great value.]
- Swift, Morrison I. *Marriage and Race Death*. The Foundations of an intelligent system of marriage. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 270. New York: The Morrison I Swift Press, \$1.10.
- [A savage attack on capitalism and the established order by a thorough-going revolutionary. So long as the caste-system continues, says Mr. Swift, the better sort of women will remain childless and the race degenerate. What would happen in the matter of love and marriage if the caste-system were removed, Mr. Swift will show in a future volume.]

## THEOLOGY.

- The Book of Job in the Revised Version*. Edited, with introductions and brief annotations by S. R. Driver. 8 x 5½. Pp. 133. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.
- [“An attempt to explain the Revised Version of the Book of Job in such a manner as to make the poem intelligible to an ordinary educated reader.”]

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Meehan, J. F. *More favourite houses of Bath and District*. Being the second series of that work. With an introduction by Egerton Castle. Illustrated with 50 reproductions of original drawings and rare prints in the possession of the author. 10½ x 6½. Pp. xvi, 248. Bath: B. J. F. Meehan, 12s. 6d. net.
- [This second part of Mr. Meehan's beautiful and interesting work appears, at a first glance, to be as good as the first; and that is high praise.]
- By-Paths in the Balkans*. By Captain F. W. Von Herbert. 9 x 6. Pp. 296. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.
- [Four of the ten papers in this volume have appeared in different periodicals. The papers are the result of a sixteen-months journey in the Balkan countries, 1903-1905.]
- Maughan, William Charles. *Picturesque Musselburgh and its Golk Links*. With illustrations by R. Gemmell Hutchinson. 7½ x 5. Pp. 108. Paisley: Gardner, 1s. net paper, 1s. 6d. net cloth.
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